church, Bridge Street Chapel, Banbury, were held on Tuesday, January 10th. The afternoon service was commenced with reading and prayer by the Rev. H. A. Nash, Independent minister, Banbury. The introductory discourse, on the principles of Nonconformity, was delivered by the Rev. W. Barker, of Hastings, who also offered special prayer. The charge to the newly-elected pastor was delivered by the Rev. J. Angus, D.D., of Regent's Park College; and a sermon to the church and congregation preached by the Rev. W. T. Henderson, of Devonshire Square Chapel, London, the former pastor of the church. Tea was provided in the school-room, which was tastefully decorated. A large party joined in the social repast. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. W. Cubitt, senior deacon of the church. The meeting was opened with prayer by Dr. Angus, after which interesting and congratulatory addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. Twin, F. F. Medcalf, T. G. Hughes, W. Barker, W. T. Henderson (Baptists); J. Bishop, T. Nicholson (Independents); G. Warner (Primitive Methodist); R. Edmonds, Esq. (Wesleyan), and suitably and feelingly responded to by Mr. St. Clair. The engagements of the evening were interspersed by the occasional singing of a short anthem adapted to the occasion.

Tenbury, Worcestershire.—On the afternoon of Thursday, the 29th of December, a respectable assembly of Christian friends met in Goff's school-room to tea. At six o'clock in the evening, a public service was held in the Baptist chapel, for the purpose of recognizing the Rev. D. Sinclair as pastor of the church. Mr. J. Evans, of Ludlow, having been unanimously requested to preside, called upon the Rev. R. G. Soper, Independent minister, of Ludlow, to engage in prayer for the divine blessing to rest upon the proceedings of the evening, and upon the union which had taken place between Mr. Sinclair and the members of the church and congregation. The chairman having congratulated the church upon her having now received a pastor, in answer to the earnest and united prayers of her members, hoped that brighter prospects awaited them in the future. The Rev. J. Porter, Moravian minister; the Rev. Mr. Soper; Mr. Cox, of Ludlow; and the Rev. H. J. Burleigh, of Bromyard, also delivered congratulatory and encouraging addresses. Mr. Sinclair having acknowledged his obligations to his ministerial brethren and his Christian friends from Ludlow, Leominster, Bromyard, and the neighbourhood, for the kindness which they had manifested towards him and the people of his charge, the chairman brought the proceedings of the evening to a close by a few appropriate remarks.

Portland Chapel, Southampton.—On Thursday, January 12th, the Rev. Charles Williams was publicly recognized as minister of the church and congregation worshipping in Portland Chapel, Southampton. In the afternoon the Rev. A. Maclaren, B.A., for many years the pastor of the above place of worship, preached a most eloquent sermon from Psalm cxxxii. 8, and in the evening the recognition of the new minister took place. The Rev. J. Burt presided. The Rev. R. Cavan delivered an address on the subject, "How to help a minister," and the Rev. S. March spoke from the words, "How to hear the Word with profit." Mr. Pegler, on behalf of the church, briefly stated the circumstances which led to Mr. Williams being invited to become the pastor of the church, and Mr. Williams also delivered a most appropriate address. The Rev. J. Davis then offered the designation prayer, and the Rev. A. Maclaren addressed himself to Mr. Williams and the people of his charge in feeling and earnest terms. The interesting services were concluded by the administration of the Lord's Supper to the members of the various churches who thronged the chapel, the Rev. Thomas Adkins presiding on the occasion.

Wirksworth, Derbyshire.—On Sunday, January 1st, Mr. I. Orchard, late of Chillwell College, commenced his duties as pastor of the Baptist church, Wirksworth, by a very appropriate discourse founded on 2 Thessalonians iii. 1. On the following day a large and interesting meeting was held to welcome him to his new sphere of labour. Tea was provided in the school-room. At half-past six o'clock, a meeting was held in the adjoining place of worship, at which members of all religious denominations in the town were present. Mr. Malin, the senior deacon, after being chosen as chairman, addressed a very hearty welcome to Mr. Orchard, and promised him, on behalf of the church, all the sympathy and help it could give to comfort and sustain him in the discharge of his duties. Mr. Hatfield, another deacon, followed, and spoke to the same purpose. Words of welcome and encouragement were given by the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson (Primitive Methodist); Mr. Buckstone (Wesleyan); Mr. Hall (Independent); Mr. Walker (United Free Church); Mr. W. E. Winks and Mr. C. Payne, fellow students of Mr. Orchard. Mr. Orchard then thanked the church, and those who represented other religious bodies, for the kind and cheering recep-

tion they had given him, and hoped that they might work harmoniously and successfully together. The services were brought to a close by singing and prayer.

BROWN STREET, SALISBURY.—After an interval of some months, the Baptist church at Salisbury is now—by God's blessing—under pastoral care. The Rev. S. Newnam, late of Barnstaple, entered on his pastorate there on the first day of the new year; and on Wednesday, Jan. 4th, a tea-meeting of the church and congregation was held for the purpose of welcoming the new pastor. The meeting was the largest held here for some years, and was of a very pleasant and unanimous character. Mr. S. R. Atkins, a deacon, presided. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Clench, Thorn, and Bestland, deacons, and by Mr. J. Keynes, superintendent of the Sunday schools: all welcoming the pastor in a very hearty manner, and stimulating the church to labour and sustain the work of winning souls to Christ. Mr. Newnam then, in a very clear and interesting speech, reviewed his position as a minister of the Gospel, and towards the church as a pastor, and as a Nonconformist minister, urging all to hold fast the truth and the blessings we now enjoy, though bought by the blood of our forefathers. Brief addresses were then delivered by Messrs. Pritchard, Moore, Lapham, Bailey, and Wheeler. The expressions of welcome were very cordial and unanimous, and Mr. Newnam enters on his pastorate under encouraging circumstances.

SWAFFHAM, NORFOLK.—The Rev. W. Woods having resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Swaffham, and accepted the invitation of the church at Parson's Hill, Woolwich, a farewell meeting was held at Swaffham, on Monday, January 2nd, to take leave of him. After tea, a public meeting was held in the chapel, which was opened with singing and prayer. Mr. Lindsey, as chairman, gave an opening speech, testifying to the affection which the church felt for Mr. Woods, and to their regret at his removal. He then read an address which had been prepared by the church, engrossed on parchment and framed in a handsome gilt frame, expressive of their high regard for him, and sorrow at his removal, and presented the same to Mr. Woods, together with a purse containing thirty-five sovereigns. The Rev. J. T. Wigner then commended Mr. Woods and his family to God in prayer. After prayer, Mr. Woods gave a farewell address with considerable feeling. Speeches expressive of the same feelings as those contained in the memorial were delivered by the Revs. J. L. Whitley and J. T. Wigner, and by Messrs. J. D. Smith, R. Vynne, and F. Moore. Mr. Woods has spent ten years in Norfolk, and has laboured hard and successfully both at Swaffham and in the country.

GILDERSOME, YORKSHIRE.—On Monday, December 26th, the annual Christmas tea-meeting was held in the school-room connected with the Baptist chapel, Gildersome. About four hundred were present. Many of the friends thought it a favourable opportunity for testifying their high appreciation of the services of Mr. Haslam, the pastor, by presenting him with some slight acknowledgment. Amongst other things which were presented was an exquisitely-bound copy of Bagster's Polyglot Bible, bearing this inscription: "As a mark of esteem and affection, presented to the Rev. John Haslam by a few friends in connexion with the Baptist church, Gildersome.—Dec. 26th, 1864." The presentation was made by the Rev. H. J. Betts, of Bradford, who congratulated Mr. Haslam upon the great success which had attended his labours at Gildersome, and the church upon the spacious and beautiful chapel which they at great cost were erecting. Addresses were also delivered by the Revs. W. Best, B.A. (Leeds); W. J. Greenhough (Bradford); J. Henderson (Rawdon College), and several members of the church. A selection of sacred music from Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, &c., was admirably given by the choir.

TARPORLEY, CHESHIRE.—The Baptist church in this town have recently purchased a front plot of land adjoining the main street, and are now preparing to build a new chapel on it. The chapel is to be in the Gothic style of architecture, with an arched ceiling. The roof externally is to be covered with ornamental slates. The building will be of red brick, with white stone dressings, and will contain on the ground floor accommodation for upwards of three hundred persons. It will be erected with a gabled front, surmounted with a turret, and each of the angles of the eaves will be ornamented with a wrought carved stone pinnacle. The vestibule, entered by two archways, will be approached by four stone steps. The Tarporley congregation have come out well with subscriptions towards the new project, amounting in the aggregate to £867 2*s*.

EDINBURGH.—The annual tea-meeting of the North Richmond Street Baptist church was held on Wednesday evening, January 4th. The Rev. Francis Johnstone, pastor, in the chair. The chapel

was well filled. Interesting addresses were delivered by the Revs. F. Johnstone, Jonathan Watson, J. E. Dovey, —. Cote, from the Baptist church in Paris, and Major Smith, from India. The pastor, in reviewing the past year, stated that the ravages by death had been unequalled during any previous year, but that twenty-three new members had been added to the church. By means of a fancy bazaar and subscription cards, £150 has been raised towards the liquidation of the chapel debt of £200, and it is anticipated that in a few weeks the debt will be cleared off. A highly-efficient choir performed several appropriate anthems in the course of the evening.

Blisworth, Northampton.—On Wednesday, December 14th, a social meeting was held in the Baptist chapel, Blisworth. One hundred and twenty persons sat down to tea, provided generously by the ladies of the congregation. At the service in the evening the pastor presided; when Mr. Westley, on behalf of the committee, suggested that the time was now at hand to build a vestry, school-room, and house for the use of the minister. He exhibited a plan and drawings of the buildings intended, and explained that the purchase of land adjoining the chapel, and the improvements to be made in and around it, would incur an outlay of about £600. The object met with entire approbation; and at the close of the meeting the collection and contributions amounted to £400.

Tenby, South Wales.—The Rev. J. R. Jenkins having resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, South Parade, Tenby, his friends invited him to a social tea-meeting at the Gatehouse Assembly Rooms, on Monday, December the 26th. Interesting addresses were delivered on the occasion by the Revs. D. Davies, Baptist minister, Pembroke Dock; H. Griffiths, Independent minister; E. Edwards, B.A., Presbyterian; Ezra Roberts, Esq., and Mr. J. Jones. At the close, Mr. William Millar, one of the deacons of the church, presented him with a purse of gold, as a testimonial of sincere attachment and appreciation of the valuable services he has rendered the church; at the same time expressing their deep regret at his resignation, and wishes for his future happiness.

Combmartin, North Devon.—On Monday, January 2nd, a tea-meeting, succeeded by a public meeting, was held in this place, when a purse of money was presented to the Rev. W. Davey, who for more than fourteen years has filled the office of pastor to the Baptist church here. The presentation was made by the senior deacon, Mr. J. Winser, who is the oldest Baptist in the North of Devon, as a small expression of the great esteem and regard in which the church and congregation hold their pastor. In replying, the pastor referred with grateful feelings to the harmony which had existed among them during his pastorate, and called upon all for renewed efforts during the year which had just commenced.

Ealing Dean.—A very interesting meeting was held on Thursday, December 15th, at the British school-rooms, Ealing; when John Olney, Esq., took the chair. All the speakers agreed as to the want of the locality, and the meeting decided that steps should immediately be taken to prepare for erecting a commodious place of worship in Ealing Dean, on a site already chosen. Many will take an interest in this movement from knowledge of the populous district, and personal friendship to those who are banded together in this particular labour of love. Mr. Ferguson, one of the tutors of the Tabernacle College, will be the minister.

Stalybridge, Lancashire. — The Rev. William Evans, lately a student at Chillwell College, was ordained pastor over the Baptist Church, Stalybridge, Lancashire, on December 30th, 1864. The introductory discourse was delivered by the Rev. R. Ingham, of Todmorden Vale, Yorks. The ordination prayer was offered by the Rev. W. R. Stevenson, of Nottingham. The charge was delivered by the Rev. W. Underwood, President of Chillwell College, and the sermon to the church was preached by the Rev. W. Dyson, of Haddenham, Bucks.

Ministerial Changes.—The Rev. A. Powell, of Appledore, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist church at Milton, Oxon, and entered upon his engagements there early in January.—The Rev. John Gipps, of Potter Street, Harlow, Essex, has given notice to the church and congregation assembling in the Baptist chapel in that place that he shall discontinue the regular duties of the ministry amongst them at Lady-day next. Mr. Gipps has been the pastor during the last thirty-four years, and through failing health is obliged to give up. The church and congregation hope to be able to receive the services of some minister as co-pastor with him.—The Rev. John Horne has intimated to his deacons his wish to resign the pastorate of the Baptist church, Evesham.—Mr. W. E. Winks, of the Baptist College, Chillwell, has accepted the unanimous and cordial invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist church at Allerton,

near Bradford, Yorkshire, and enters on his labours there on the first Sabbath in February.—Mr. J. C. Forth, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Bingley, Yorkshire.—Mr. A. W. Grant, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Spaldwick, Huntingdonshire.—The Rev. J. Neohard, late of Regent's Park College, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist church, Forton, Gosport.—Mr. W. H. Burton, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, after supplying three months, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the church at Kingsgate Street Chapel, Holborn, and will enter upon his labours forthwith.—The Rev. J. Beard, having accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the church at Peterchurch, has resigned his post at Garway.—The Rev. Wildon Carr, for whom a new and handsome chapel was being erected at Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne, has resigned the pastorate of the church, and is about to leave the town.—Mr. J. P. Tetley, a student from Chilwell College, Notts, has accepted an invitation from the Baptist church, Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, and commenced his labours on January 22nd.—Mr. William H. D. King, of the Baptist College, Bristol, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church at Thrapstone, and commenced his labours there on the second Sunday in the new year.—The Rev. W. C. Ellis, of Great Sampford, Essex, after a settlement of nine years, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Chenies, Bucks.

GENERAL.

Presentation of a Testimonial to the Rev. Dr. Campbell.—On Tuesday morning, January 17th, a public breakfast was given at Radley's Hotel, Blackfriars, at which a testimonial was presented to the Rev. John Campbell, D.D., lately the conductor of two magazines having for their object the promotion of Nonconformist and Evangelical principles. The Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., presided, and was supported by the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., Mr. T. Chambers, Q.C., Mr. S. Morley, Mr. H. R. Sharman, barrister-at-law, and other gentlemen. Letters were read from Sir Elkanah Armitage, the Rev. Dr. Cumming, Mr. Charles Gilpin, M.P., Mr. C. S. Butler, M.P., Mr. Barnes, M.P., Alderman Abbiss, Alderman Lusk, Dr. Vaughan, Dr. Angus, and others, expressing their regret at being unable to attend. The Rev. Dr. Ferguson stated the circumstances which had led to the meeting. A few months ago Dr. Campbell announced that he intended to retire from a portion of his literary labours, and it was determined to set on foot a subscription and present him with a testimonial. Six hundred subscribers had been enrolled, and a sum of £3,000 collected. Subscribers had been found in every county in England and Wales, in Ireland, Scotland, the Channel Islands, North and South America, Africa, Australia, and Asia. The names of the subscribers included all classes—the House of Peers, the House of Commons, the bar, the pulpit, science, philosophy, and art, commerce, and the hard hand of manual labour. They included also every section of the Christian community. (Hear, hear.) Dr. Morton Brown, of Cheltenham, then read a congratulatory address to Dr. Campbell, in which the subscribers say to him:—"Herculean has been your life-task; and how that task has been performed, your many published works, with the conduct of two weekly journals and other periodical literature, abundantly testify. Nor do we offer any unmeaning adulation when we express our conviction that many of these works will live and perpetuate your name and your virtues to generations yet unborn. On the present occasion we know nothing of those peculiarities which divide the Christian Church; and we bear witness that you have always stood by her ministers and members of every denomination who have been loyal to truth and to Christ. In defence of the mysteries and the sublimities of our holy faith you have lifted no broken shield; in your enunciation of truth you have indulged in no half-finished articulations; and in your advocacy of the rights and the interests of universal humanity there has been nothing equivocal in your tone. We magnify the grace of God in you, and offer you our most hearty congratulations on seeing you, after nearly seventy years of life and labour and trial, in possession of so much physical strength and mental energy." The address was signed on behalf of the 600 subscribers by the Earl of Shaftesbury, chairman; Thomas Thompson, treasurer, and Robert Ferguson, LL.D., convener of the committee. The Earl of Shaftesbury said the duty which devolved upon him of presenting the address was a very pleasurable one, for Dr. Campbell was not a mere journalist and controversialist, but a high literary character. He had always admired his

great heart, the immensity of his benevolence, the energy with which he entered into every object and end of philanthropy. He had always admired the stern, vigorous, Christian, and manly way in which he had stood forward in the present day upon the simple and sole foundation of the Holy Scriptures, to crush those horrible heresies which are springing up in so rich and dangerous a crop in every direction. He (Lord Shaftesbury) believed in the necessity of an Established Church, but he believed as strongly in the necessity of a great body of Nonconformists, who in this country had done much for the promotion of evangelical truth. The noble earl then presented the address to Dr. Campbell, with the banker's book for £3,000. Dr. Campbell, who was loudly cheered, said the testimonial was totally unexpected by him, and he tendered his earnest thanks to all the subscribers who had so generously appreciated his labours. In a very feeling manner he adverted to many of the leading circumstances of his ministerial career. On the motion of Mr. Davis, seconded by Mr. T. Chambers, Q.C., the common sergeant, a vote of thanks was awarded to the Earl of Shaftesbury, who briefly acknowledged the compliment. In the course of the meeting a letter was received from Sir M. Peto, Bart., M.P., enclosing a cheque for £100 towards the testimonial fund, and regretting that in consequence of absence from town he could not pay his personal respects to Dr. Campbell.

HUMAN SACRIFICES AT DAHOMEY.—The *Moniteur* of the 19th publishes a letter from Whydah, which supplies details respecting the festival of human sacrifices recently held at Abomey, the capital of Dahomey, before the king, and in presence of all his court and great dignitaries of state. The letter says:—"The horrible scenes we are about to describe took place in a country which maintains active relations with Europeans, and notwithstanding continued protests from France, England, and other powers. The French, English, Portuguese, and several other nations, have factories in it, which are nearly all established at Whydah, the most important port of the kingdom. The king, having announced to the people that in a short time, to honour the manes of Agoungoro his ancestor, and King Gezo his father, forty prisoners belonging to the rebel tribe of the Akankas would be immolated on the market-place at Abomey, with the usual ceremony, three days afterwards he decided that this barbarous deed should be accomplished one hour before sunrise. Many Europeans who were in the town had an audience of the monarch, and implored him to give up the horrible sacrifice. The king declared that he could not suppress the national festival, but that in consideration for the foreigners he consented to reduce the number of victims to twelve. On the eve of the sacrifice he went to a great shed, under which the forty prisoners were secured to posts. He gave an order that twenty-eight should be released, and that they should be taken back to their prison, and then addressed the twelve others in order to announce to them that next morning, in expiation of the crimes committed by the chief of their tribe, and to satisfy the shade of his father and of his ancestor, they would be decapitated before the assembled people. The unfortunate men heard the royal speech with the utmost indifference. The king added that two of them would be executed with his own hand, and then retired. A short time afterwards arrived Prince Bocu-Sau, the king's brother. He chose two of the prisoners, announced to them that they had been selected to be despatched by his brother, but in order to be admitted to such an honour it was necessary to purify their crime-stained bodies, and that they must pass the night in the great fetish temple, prostrated before the idols. On the next day the prisoners were led to the market-place, their hands bound to their backs. The king presided at the ceremony, seated on a large ivory throne, surrounded by his court, the great dignitaries of the kingdom, and the ministry. On the centre of the place was a large silver vessel, intended to receive the blood of the victims. When the hour had come, the king advanced, took a very thin steel sabre, and depressed the heads of the two prisoners he was about to immolate. These poor wretches, on the order given to them, were placed at the edge of the vessel which was about to catch their blood. At the conclusion of the first execution the crowd uttered enthusiastic shouts of applause for full five minutes, after which the king resumed his seat on the throne. The other ten prisoners were executed by the great fetish man, or high priest, who picked up each victim's head and showed it to the people, whilst they uttered ferocious yells. When all was over the populace fell upon the bodies of the unfortunate victims, which they cut to pieces and then drank their blood. Unfortunately, human sacrifices are not confined to the kingdom of Dahomey. They take place also very frequently in the kingdoms of Abeokuta, Ashantee, and Benin, also situated in Africa, and in the same region as Dahomey."

MUTILATION OF JOHN BUNYAN'S TOMB.—The following letter appears in *The Times*:—"Sir,—A veneration for the memories of great men led me to visit the newly-erected monument of John Bunyan in Bunhill-fields, to which I was escorted by three ragged urchins, whom I at first thought were custodians of the sacred spot. Arriving at the tomb, one of the urchins, notwithstanding my remonstrances, clambered up to the recumbent statue of 'the most immortal of dreamers,' and pointed out a mutilation of the face, which he said had been done 'a goodish while ago,' while his companions disposed themselves around the tomb in anything but a reverential manner. Upon closer inspection I found that the face of the statue had indeed been mutilated, parts of the nose and mouth being completely gone, evidently the result of ruthless violence. Several of the spear-heads surmounting the railing were also wrenched off. This unhallowed desecration of Bunyan's tomb in a neighbourhood so full of sacred associations struck me as being peculiarly painful. Something ought surely to be done in order to stop this sad mutilation of so interesting a monument, which has only recently been restored by public subscription. The tombs in Kensal-green and Highgate cemeteries are never injured. The custodians of Bunhill-fields ought, for their credit's sake, and for the satisfaction of the public, to prevent this desecration, and especially the wilful mutilation of the tomb of John Bunyan.—I am, Sir, very obediently yours, ARTHUR LEECH.—59, Gibson-square, London."

ENFORCING PAYMENT OF EASTER OFFERINGS.—On Monday, January 16th, at the West Riding Court-house, Dewsbury (before Mr. J. B. Greenwood and Mr. W. Ackroyd), the Rev. James Rae, Independent minister, of Batley, and the Rev. Simon Hall, Baptist minister, of the same parish, were summoned at the instance of the Rev. Andrew Cassells, the vicar, for non-payment of Easter offerings, the first for 7½*d.*, and the other for 1*s.* 3*d.* Both pleaded not guilty. They were defended by Mr. Wainwright, of Wakefield. The case of the Rev. James Rae was taken first. Mr. Smith, the vicar's collector, was examined at length; and as it appeared that the demand for payment of the offerings had been made more than six months prior to the summons being issued, the vicar lost the day, for the Bench dismissed the summons. In the case of the Rev. S. Hall, the demand was for two years' "offerings;" and, following the ruling in the first case, the first was struck off. Mr. Wainwright took several technical objections to the "terrier" (produced by the parish clerk of Batley) being received as evidence for the complainant; but the Bench overruled him, and made an order for the payment of the amount of one year's offerings, with costs. Half-a-crown was ordered to be allowed to Mr. Rae for having attended three times to dispute the validity of the claim. A large number of gentlemen from Batley were in court, and manifested considerable interest in the proceedings.

OATHS IN COURTS OF JUSTICE.—A CASE FOR EXPLANATION.—Mr. Peckover, a member of the Society of Friends, was summoned to serve on the petty jury at the Plymouth Quarter Sessions; he was placed in the jury-box, and a Bible was handed to him on which to be sworn. He then mentioned a fact, of which probably most of those in the Guildhall were well aware, that he was a Friend, and therefore desired to make the customary affirmation, which he had on several occasions done in the same court previously. Instead of the regular and simple course being adopted, Mr. Peckover, in defiance of the letter and spirit of all modern legislation, was requested by the clerk of the peace to get out of the box and make room for some one else. This was with some little difficulty done, for the accommodation within the Guildhall is as bad as its exterior is unsightly, and he was then informed that he must remain in court in case he should be wanted. The affair may seem at first sight to be trivial; but in reality it is not so. The law expressly places the affirmation of any one having a conscientious objection to oaths on an equality with the sworn deposition of a man with no such scruples. It is not a pleasant thing for a well-known and respectable man to be treated, in the presence of a crowded court, as though he were unfit to discharge the common duties of a citizen.—*Western Morning News.*

AN EXAMPLE FOR NONCONFORMIST ELECTORS.—Mr. *Frederick* Calvert, Q.C., brother-in-law of *Sir* H. Verney, Bart., M.P., has just issued an address to the electors of the Borough and Hundreds of Aylesbury, in which occur the following passages:—"I am obliged with great regret to abandon the hope, which I had ventured to entertain, of becoming one of your members. I have been asked by electors of the Liberal party whether I will vote for 'the unconditional abolition of church-rates.' I am, as I have already informed you, in favour of material alteration in the law of church-rates; but

I cannot support a bill for their unconditional abolition. I have therefore given my answer in the negative. The question was put to me on behalf of a numerous body of electors, who, but for this one point of difference, would have readily endeavoured to promote my election. I find that they are most anxious to have candidates who will assert their views upon this important subject. I am grateful to them for the strong inclination which they have shown in my favour, and, in deference to their wishes, I shall relieve them from any embarrassments which a canvass on my behalf might possibly produce. I take this early opportunity of informing you that I am no longer a candidate for the honour of representing you in Parliament." Mr. Calvert's defeat is due to *early and prompt* action on the part of the thorough Liberals—a lesson to every Liberal borough in the kingdom.

THE MARQUIS CAMDEN AND DISSENT.—A few weeks since the congregation at Camden Road Chapel, Camden Town, under the ministry of the Rev. F. Tucker, B.A., determined, if possible, to erect a chapel for some of their outlying poor members in Belle Isle, Maiden Lane—a wretched place, inhabited by a very destitute class of persons. The only land to be had was upon the Marquis Camden's estate, and an offer having been made for it, the agent refused to sell it on the ground that the marquis objected to having a Dissenting chapel on his estate. In the same neighbourhood recently a site belonging to a college in the University of Oxford was refused for a Dissenting chapel, but immediately afterwards granted for a public-house.

Editorial Notes for the Month.

We have this month to make an announcement which we know will be painful to many of our readers. It will be remembered that some two years since or more, Sir Morton Peto made a proposal with a view to the extension of our principles in the metropolis. Having already erected, at a vast cost, the splendid chapels at Bloomsbury and Regent's Park, and having also built the more modest but commodious and handsome place which Mr. C. A. Spurgeon occupies at Kensington, he proposed to erect four other places in the metropolis at a cost of something like fourteen thousand pounds,—the only condition being that the denomination should, within a reasonable period, contribute, through the Baptist Building Fund, one *half* the required amount. That proposal has been before the denomination, as we have stated, for two years or more, and one would have thought that it would have been not only readily but gratefully responded to; but it is now stated, on the authority of the Committee of the Fund, that notwithstanding all their efforts, they have obtained only Nine Hundred Pounds; and that under the circumstances Sir Morton has thought it right to withdraw his offer altogether. We are of course not aware whether there are any *other* circumstances, besides the unsatisfactory response to his appeal, which have induced Sir Morton to withdraw his proposal; but we feel assured that the announcement in its present form will be received everywhere with shame and regret—regret that so good an opportunity of extending our principles in the metropolis should have been thus thrown away, and shame that the denomination should have proved itself so unworthy of the generosity of so noble a benefactor. If we might express a hope, it would be that even yet the final decision might be delayed at least till the approaching Annual Meetings, and that then the opportunity might be taken to present the matter once more, and

finally, before those who are the leaders of the denomination in such matters. We venture to say that there is no denomination of Christians in England, except our own, that would lose such an opportunity as Sir Morton Peto's generosity presents. If it *be* really lost, we shall have to regret it for many a day.

As something that relieves somewhat the despondency which the announcement we have made above suggests, we are glad to be able to state that the pecuniary affairs of the Baptist Missionary Society are reported to be in a satisfactory condition. We all remember how much anxiety was felt a year ago concerning the Society's affairs, and that it was only by a great effort—which we must add was most nobly made—that the Committee was saved from the necessity of reporting an enormous deficit at the end of the last financial year. It would appear that the effects of the increased interest in the Society which was produced last year have not entirely passed away. A larger number of churches than ever contribute to the Society, and it is hoped that the ordinary contributions to the Society's operations will be this year larger than in any year, except perhaps the last. If this should be so, there will be no deficiency, or at least no considerable one, when the accounts are made up in April; though still the income will be far from sufficient to meet the claims which the Committee would gladly respond to if they could. What *has* been done is proof enough that the churches *could* do more if they would. An esteemed friend has supplied the following calculation, as a proof that it is possible to raise the income to £50,000 a year. From the 155,000 members of the churches he deducts 50,000, as unable or unwilling to give. Let the 105,000 be supposed to contribute in the following proportions:—

			£.	s.	d.
100,000	—	1*d.* a week	21,666	13	4
3,500	—	5*s.* a quarter	3,500	0	0
1,000	—	20*s.* ,, ...	4,000	0	0
300	—	50*s.* ,, ...	3,000	0	0
100	—	100*s.* ,, ...	2,000	0	0
100	—	average £50 a year	5,000	0	0
			£39,166	13	4
		From Sunday scholars one farthing a week each child and from each teacher one penny ...	11,480	12	0
			£50,647	5	4

But even an average of one penny a week from the whole of the 155,000 members, would, with other sources of income, give the Society more than £40,000 a year.

Political affairs call for no special notice this month. In a few days Parliament will meet. What will be the character of the Session it were fruitless now to guess. Let our readers join us in the prayer that to our Senators wisdom may be given; and let them be prepared to act with promptness and decision, and with due regard to their own distinctive principles, if the not improbable event of a dissolution should speedily occur.

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CHEERFULNESS.

Solomon says "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." The proverb is complimentary to a profession not much accustomed to compliments. Most of us, when we are well, sneer a little at medical men, the incompleteness of their science, the uncertainty and oppositions of their practice, and are disposed to doubt whether their medicine does much, or indeed any, good. But when we fall ill, how welcome they are! how we hang upon their lips!—"Where be our jibes now?"—and if besides potion and pill, leech and lancet, the doctor bring with him a cheerful sanguine heart, how doubly welcome he is! For, indeed, the doctor is a medicine too, and often a better medicine than any he can prescribe. Merely to have talked over our symptoms to him, to have put ourselves into his hands, to have heard from the lips of one familiar with disease that there is no great harm done yet: this often is half our cure. Frequently the doctor has to prescribe very little else but himself; we take *him* instead of his physic, for five or ten minutes every day—his cheerful kindness acting both as sedative and stimulant—and are sensibly better every time he comes.

The doctor is often the best medicine, and does infinitely more good than his drugs; still other medicines are also good if used with a good discretion. God has caused healing herbs to grow and infused a medicinal virtue into waters and minerals, making provision, in his fatherly goodness, for our diseases before disease was known. And these remedies for ills *the flesh* is heir to, if applied with a judicious thrift, are effectual to recall departing health, and to increase strength to them that have no might or little might. But the best tonic, the best medicine, is a cheerful heart. For, as the wise king elsewhere reminds us, "The spirit of a man can sustain" whatever "infirmities" may weaken his body, or diminish his fortune; but "an infirm spirit"—a weak, hopeless heart—is more than any man can bear.

Medicines are either preventive or curative; but prevention is better than cure. And a cheerful heart is both a preventitive and a cure; but it is better to take it in time. The wise economy which bids us by simple precautions avert pronounced forms of disease, also bids us avert the heavier depressions of sorrow by cultivating an equable and hopeful habit of mind.

Medicines, whether remedial or preventitive, imply disease, and our liability to it: and in like manner to prescribe cheerfulness is to imply that there are many causes of sadness and melancholy around us, and that we are likely to be infected by them. And, indeed, it is wonderful that we so seldom take the infection, or take it so lightly. There must be a surprisingly elastic recuperative energy in our hearts to hold them so stiffly up against the depressions of Fortune and Misfortune. For the world is full of travail; tongue cannot utter it. External events go seldom to our mind. The cares of business; the strain on invention and endurance; the failure to produce what we conceive and aim at; the indolence and dishonesty of servants, or the injustice and prejudice of masters; the failure of correspondents and customers; the fluctuation of trade demands and trade fashions; the ebb and flow of commercial currents, or, worse, the seeming caprice with which at times they cut out new channels and run in new directions, forsaking places or classes which they once enriched: what an incalculable amount of laborious and depressing thought do even these few words represent! Or, if we take the home-life, how full *that* is of heavy and sorrowful solicitudes! Husband and wife do not agree, the twain have not become one; or, if she set herself to him "like perfect music unto noble words" and he to her like noble words to perfect music, the harmony of this supreme psalm of life is broken by the rude discordant hand of Death. A thousand cares and tender trembling anxieties attend the rearing and due education of children; a thousand more gather round the task of placing and settling them in life: nor are their cares less to whom God denies the gift of children. If we do not have them, we fret and murmur because we are denied them; and if we have them, how seldom do they quite answer to our hopes!

The farther we extend our view the more shadowed and doleful is the prospect. If we look beyond home and business, only to the little section of the world with which we are familiar, how many waters of bitterness we may find, *de*fertilizing the soil and blighting all happy growths! Think of the ignorance and vice shrouded in our courts and alleys and back slums; an ignorance so dense as not to comprehend the light which rarely shines upon it; a vice so complete as that, mistaking itself for virtue and conceiving of evil as good, it rises into a *profession*. Think of the widow vainly struggling for her children's bread,—children afflicted with forms of hereditary disease, or proclivities to evil born of their father's sins, with "defects of will and taints of blood;" of the poor women overtasked, starved, beaten, and sometimes murdered by drunken brutes whom they love through all; of the poor men toiling, footsore and clemmed, from factory to factory and workshop to workshop to find the honest labour to which surely they have some right, but which nevertheless evades their search; of the poor sufferers of either sex who with a sweet unfaltering patience endure through long years extremes of pain which would drive us mad, and for whose relief no merciful Heaven interposes. As we think of these scenes, and others which these recall, even the most sanguine heart pauses, falters, and sheds tears which all but quench the lights of faith and hope.

Nor do matters mend if we look within, if we review the course and progress of our spiritual life. In the inner, as in the outer world, we come on the signs of failure, disappointment, defeat. Though we have striven against evil for years, we are not safe from it, or from any form of it: though for years we have followed after good—and that with such an Example and such a Helper!—we have no such secure hold of it, or of any one of its gifts and graces, as to be quite sure either that we have it, or that, if we have it, we shall never let it go. To many, perhaps to most of us, it seems as though we stood very much where we did when we first started in our quest of life; as though, with all our labour, we had acquired no solid and enduring gains. Old weaknesses prove too strong for our new strength; old wounds re-open, bleeding into new languors, smarting into new pains; our feet are still caught in nets which we have a thousand times broken through; the accustomed snare is *spread in our sight* and yet we are taken in it. The steeps of duty on which we would fain stand are still as steep and difficult as ever, "the shining table-lands" as far off; and we begin, if not to doubt of the possibility of goodness, yet to despair of ever becoming good.

In short, the whole air of both the worlds in which we live, the external and the internal, is tainted with an infection whose touch has passed upon us; a disease is in the atmosphere we daily breathe: we need a medicine which shall either prevent us from succumbing to its malign influence, or restore us if we have fallen sick,—a counteractive to the poison we have inspired.

The true medicine, the medicine that will do us good, is a cheerful heart. This sovereign disinfectant will keep the air immediately about us sweet, and will also sweeten the air about the beds of the neighbouring sick. If the heart be settled in a thankful rest, it is strong for endeavour and for endurance. Labours before which a despondent heart faints are easy to a brave cheerfulness. Falls which break the bones of the weak are a stimulus and a theme for laughter to the strong. Cares which seem intolerable to the outworn and depressed sit lightly on the refreshed and buoyant spirit. The clouds which hang, black and threatening, in the heaven of the brooding and dejected soul, obscuring the very providence of God, turn their silver lining on the trustful, and speak of a more perfect light at hand. Even the sense of failure and shortcoming which afflicts the fearful self-questioning heart, obstructing its progress and causing the very lapses it fears, nerves the hopeful to fresh efforts to make the crooked straight and the rough places plain.

Nor, though at first it might seem otherwise, is any curative so good for our sorrowful neighbour as that cheerfulness which is our own best preventitive and safeguard. To weep with them that weep is indeed a duty, and, as assuring them of our sympathy, will be helpful to them; but if we can only weep, how shall we ever staunch their tears? Pity is sweet, and grateful to us if it be the unassuming pity of those whom we love; but through the pity which shares our grief there must run a growing strain of strengthening hopefulness if we are to be comforted into patience and to rise from patience into the hope that maketh not ashamed.

Those who can only pity us and are no less dejected by sympathy than we by sorrow, add to our sorrow, and weigh us down when they should lift us up: in place of first confining the waters of affliction within due bounds and then shedding on them the bright lights of cheerful day, with their tears they swell the bitter stream till it breaks all bounds and plunges into a sullen darkness. And hence, to those who toss on weary beds of pain there is no medicine of a more sovereign quality than the tender patient face of one who has over-mastered a grief more profound and poignant than their own, or the bright natural cheerfulness of those who will not believe that any cloud can quite put out the sun. *The* Comforter is Almighty; and every comforter must be strong enough to lift his brother's burden as well as pitiful enough to grieve over the shoulders it has galled.

But, it may be objected:—"This strong and strengthening cheerfulness is after all very much a matter of natural temperament; it does not lie within the scope of the *will*: some men are born with a merry heart, and, without effort, do good wherever they go; while others are so organized as to be the inevitable prey of despondency." Are you advised of that? No Christian can be, or at least should be, at the mercy of the fatalist conclusion. The merciful God who is afflicted in all our afflictions, who has borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows, does not ask impossibilities of us: he asks us to give nothing to him which he does not, or will not, first give to us. And it is he who enjoins cheerfulness, who bids us carry the medicine of a merry heart through a world smitten with sorrowful infections. Past all doubt there is a diversity in our natural organizations and their resulting temperaments which makes it more difficult for some than for others to do good like a medicine: but what are our difficulties to Him with whom all things are possible? If he bids us do that which it is hard for us to do, it is only because he intends to bestow on us the intenser energies of his grace; and he can turn water, even bitter water, into the wine that maketh the heart glad! And he has bidden us be of a good, a cheerful, heart. It is not simply that the revelation of his truth, through the whole scale of its tones, is set in the major key, occasional minors and discords serving only to enhance the brightness of the prevailing harmony: it is not simply that we may infer the duty of carrying a cheerful heart with us from the royal law of charity: God has also given us express and repeated injunctions to *rejoice*, to *rejoice evermore*, even in the day of tribulation,—injunctions which, because given to all, are no less binding on the man of melancholic temperament than on those who are naturally gay.

Nay, more: In his kindly wisdom, he has devoted one whole book of Scripture—the Bible being a literature rather than a book—to the task of enforcing a cheerful enjoyment of his gifts and our labours; although, with our usual perversity, we have mistaken *that* of all books for the most mournful and saddening in the Sacred Canon. Mainly because we think so much on the surfaces of things instead of toward their centre, and are, therefore, more apt to seize on the letter that killeth than on the spirit which giveth life, we have most of us regarded the book ECCLESIASTES simply as a manifold variation on the mournful theme, "Vanity of vani-

ties: all is vanity!" the wise man's cheerful inspiriting music has saddened into a dirge. Yet, as Ewald has long since shown, it is impossible to bring an understanding studious heart to the book without discovering that its true and ruling intention is to encourage men perplexed by change and dejected by the dis-illusionizing processes of experience to a patient endurance of inevitable disappointments, and a prompt hearty enjoyment of the remaining and sufficient goods of life. The constant and recurring moral of the book is, that "everything is beautiful in its season," and in its season should be thankfully enjoyed, without too curious an inquest into its probable genesis and duration; that there is nothing better—that it is the last result of wisdom, for a man to "enjoy all the good of his labour;" and that this capacity of wise enjoyment is God's best gift to man.

The cheerful heart that medicines our pain is, then, the gift of God; and because it is the gift of God, it is open to us all, however delicate or saturnine our natural temperament may be. And like all other the gifts of God, we come upon it while we are walking in the path of obedience. To "fear God and keep his commandments is the whole duty of man," even as to take the good of God's gifts and his own labours is the best happiness of man; and only by doing the duty do we reach the happiness. If we would do good like a medicine we must become good by the obediences of faith. *Of faith:* for by faith alone are we set free to obey the commandments; in faith alone have we the power of obedience. To a wise enjoyment of the present it is indispensable both that the past should be clear of guilt, and that the future should be clear of anxious doubt. We cannot climb the difficult steeps of duty with a heavy burden on our back; nor shall we care to climb them if the table-lands above, instead of shining in their natural radiance, are dark with wrathful mists drawn from the waters of misgiving. The burden must be unbound, the mists dispersed, before duty will grow attractive to us, or our heart, like a released bird springing up into its native heaven, break forth into singing. It is because the burden has been unbound—borne for us by Him who died on the redeeming cross; it is because the mists have been dispersed, life and immortality shining with unclouded radiance from the top of the mountain which we must climb in order that we may see the face of God and be satisfied with his likeness: it is because God has made an atoning sacrifice and set a great light of hope to rule our day, that we can, every one of us, enjoy present good with a merry heart. The past *is* clear from sin, if only we believe on Christ; and if we believe on him, the future is all bright with promise. There is nothing, save the weakness of our faith, to impede our obedience, or to jar the music of our cheerfulness into jangling discords of discontent.

If, then, it be the highest wisdom to secure the highest good within our reach, it is *our* highest wisdom to keep our hearts sweet and merry by vital faith in God, in the redemption he has wrought, in the providence which he administers. The cares of business will not unduly tax the strength of him who firmly believes that, while he is bound to discharge the duties of his vocation with all diligence, he is not answerable for the issue of his toils; and that the hand of him who doeth all things well

"shapes our ends" for us, "rough hew them how we will." The solicitudes of home will not *prey* upon the heart which trusts a God who is a Husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless; who guides the steps of all committed to his care with a more than paternal wisdom, and comforts them in all their sorrows as a mother comforts her ailing or frightened child. The innumerable miseries and evils that are in the world,—miseries so immitigable, evils so profound, as almost to break our hearts in our more weary and brooding moments, will *not* break our hearts if we truly believe in the fatherly Providence which still evolves good out of things evil and changes every winter into spring. Nor shall we sink into a despairing shame as we review the progress of our personal spiritual life, marking its failures and shortcomings with an angry wonder at our persistent folly or with an almost hopeless sense of our inbred weakness, if only we hold fast our faith in the redemption of God; a redemption wrought for the weak and foolish, a redemption which will know no close till it lands us, body and soul, complete glorified men, in the heaven in which he dwells. Let us put our trust in him, renewing our trust by frequent meditation and worship, and in renewing our trust, we shall renew our youth of spirit; however incredible it may seem to our present halting faith, we shall subdue our natural despondencies and doubts and fears, and carry the medicine of a cheerful heart through a world all infected and diseased with sorrows bred of sin, a medicine which, while preserving us in health, will also have healing for them that are sick.

THE UNSEEN DIGNITY AND WORTH OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

An American author, whose works have commended themselves to intelligent readers on both sides the Atlantic not less by the delicate observational power which they manifest than by the purity of their style, has pointed out a peculiarity of the scenery of England in one of the most graceful passages of what was destined to be his last finished book. Nothing in the "Old Home" of the Anglo-Saxon race struck Nathaniel Hawthorne more than the minute filling-up of our landscapes. He noted, with surprise and delight, the delicate carefulness with which every nook and corner was finished,—how rich and luxuriant the hedgerows,—how there was no square foot of an old wall that was not robed in beauty, with its festoon of ferns and tufts of grass and ivy and sweet-smelling violets. It seemed to him as if mother Nature let nothing go naked in our island home; and he deliberately declared, that "for the picturesqueness of the smallest object that lies under its gentle gloom and sunshine, there is no scenery like that of England anywhere." And if we rise from the physical to a loftier sphere, the same remark may be applied to the spiritual landscape which we survey as we look upon the early disciples of Jesus Christ. There are, of course, in that scene a few grand central figures, which stand out conspicuously before our view, like the giant oaks of the forest; but at their feet we behold many fair and gentle flowers, which have diffused their sweet fragrance through the centuries, and are almost as much cherished in Christian hearts to-day as the sublimest characters that stand forth in the foreground of the picture delineated by the four Evangelists. The Lord had a tender care over the least member of

the flock that gathered round him: Lazarus was his "friend," as he was destined to become the subject of his death-controlling and life-restoring power; and into the heart of Mary—that Mary who dwelt in the same village-home—the Saviour poured such a spirit of loving devotion, that one of its expressions has immortalized her name among the human family. The meditative, retiring maid of Bethany, who in her life resembled the

"violet 'neath a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye,"

was so cared for by the Master at whose feet she sat, that her name sounds to-day in our ears like the sweetest music, though many centuries have intervened between her earthly life and ours. Through this humble medium we have had conveyed to us some of the most precious lessons taught by the divine Redeemer; but none more beautiful and impressive than that which proclaims the unseen dignity and worth of the humblest work that is undertaken for the sake of Christ.

In the service of the Saviour, the saint has only a partial knowledge of the significance and value of what he does. It was so with Mary when, in that house of Simon the leper, so full of wondrous contrasts, she excited the ire of the covetous bearer of the bag, and received kindly words of approval from One whose sanction was all she cared to win. Jesus first of all directs the attention of Judas and the other murmurers to the intrinsic value of Mary's offering, and the good feeling from which her action sprang: "She hath wrought a beautiful work upon me." Then he proceeds solemnly to clothe her act of service with a new and an unimagined dignity, ascribing to it a meaning that is deeper and an excellence that is higher still: "She is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying." We do not in any way disparage the spiritual insight of Mary when we state our belief that the anointing of her Lord for his burial was not in her mind. With her delicate womanly perception, so mightily quickened as it must have been by her almost seraphic love,—with her searching meditative ways, resting long and quietly on every word that fell from the Master's lips,—it is highly probable that she had a clearer comprehension of his declarations with respect to his impending death than even any of the apostles had; still, granting so much as a likely thing, we cannot, after all, suppose that it was anything more distinct than a general presentiment of his departure that occupied her mind. It could scarcely have been with her a definite and particular idea, when all the rest of the disciples were as yet so greatly in the dark. At that meal in Simon's house, she could not have realized that no more than six days were to elapse before he who had restored her brother Lazarus to life should himself be laid in the cold grave. The alabaster box of odoriferous *nardos*, so far as her intention went, was a sweet offering and perfume for a social and festive occasion; and yet Jesus ascribes to her act the character of an embalmment of his body against the time of "the burying."

The full significance of evil deeds is hidden from their workers. They know something, but not all. There is a concealed meaning greater than the one which lies on the surface. Their actions penetrate deeper down and reach farther forward than they themselves imagine: if they could see all, then we might hope to behold them start back from the commission of the wrong with horror. But the complete purport of each act of service which they render to the Evil One is hidden from their view: the act will be at work when they are sleeping in the grave. It is a consolatory thought, that there is a bright side to the picture. The same principle rules in the actions of the just. They, too, have a meaning larger and more glorious than the actors can perceive. That thoughtful citizen of Gloucester, who was constrained by Christ's love to gather His untended lambs into the Sabbath school, did not know what he was doing

for the youth of England when he began the humble experiment in his own narrow sphere. Little did William Carey dream what should be the issue of that loving service which he rendered when he carried from England to India the glad tidings of the Gospel. When Franke opened his little home for friendless children in an obscure nook of Germany, he could not see that he was an instrument of blessing to the orphans of the world. One Sunday evening, ten years ago, a city missionary, pursuing his unambitious but holy round of toil, came to a street in Spitalfields: it consisted wholly of lodging-houses, in which there were nightly crowded close upon two thousand men, poor, and for the most part depraved, and destitute of the means of grace. Obeying a holy impulse of his heart, he ventured to enter a kitchen where he found thirty men. Not without difficulty he persuaded them to listen to the Word of God; and so far did he succeed in the experiment, that on leaving he was asked by some of his hearers to come back again. Gladly he returned, and his readings became a regular and established thing, not only in that house which he had so courageously entered, but in the hundreds of dwellings that lay around. Now there is not a house in that region the inmates of which are not willing to receive kindly, often gladly, any person who will come and read to them the Scriptures; and in the intervening ten years many souls have been saved. The only difficulty in the way of reaping a yet richer harvest in that field is the fewness of the labourers. The actions of these men were like that of the maid of Bethany. They possessed a significance the full measure of which they did not grasp. Their gift was in reality greater than it seemed to be. It touched far more than met their eye. It accomplished greater things than they purposed, and even transcended their most sanguine hopes. Like Mary's gift, it was full of unknown and most solemn meanings, which no one but the Master whom they served can see.

There is a touching entry in John Howard's diary, wherein he says, in the midst of all his self-denying toils, "God will accept, I trust, my sincere intentions, though I effect nothing." The hope was not misplaced. Christ is willing to do something that is kinder and more wonderful still. He accepts our service, not according to our partial view of it, but in its fullest and most glorious sense. If our consecration be like that of Mary, then we get more than John Howard ventured to pray for. We shall receive credit for even more than our purposes. It is not possible for us to know the full purport of our service; but he by whom the future and all the workings of all deeds are clearly discerned knows what they will accomplish, and he will graciously estimate their value, not by the part which we perceive, but by the whole which his omniscient eye commands. This he did in the case of Mary; and we believe that no one of the company assembled in Simon's dwelling was more surprised than she at the wealth of meaning which the Redeemer put into her gift. And a strange, glad surprise is yet in store for many when they shall stand in a higher sphere. When the servants of the Lord shall appear before him in the last account, many will share the solemn wonder which swelled in the bosom of the maid of Bethany as she heard the Saviour put an interpretation upon her work of faith and love which she herself had not even dimly guessed before. "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? or when saw we thee sick, or in prison,

and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Thus Christ shall put the high meaning into the humblest deed of love and make it glorious. The cup of cold water given in the Master's name to a poor thirsty fellow-traveller across the desert of this fallen world, is transformed into a gift offered to the Lord himself in heaven.

Here, surely, we have a consolation to the desponding, and an encouragement to the weak, who are toiling to-day in the vineyard of the Lord. Everything in us and around us tends to make our labours look petty and mean; this makes the smallest of them great. We are beset on every hand by discouragements. There may be carelessness, perhaps even ingratitude, on the part of those whom we are endeavouring to serve. There may be apparent triviality in the sphere of service in which we find ourselves placed.

"In the light of some heroic dream
Often our daily, homely duties seem
Common and dull, with nothing great to do;
And then there's nothing done."

Perhaps the small amount of visible success which our labours have achieved in the past is leading us to falter. Then, added to the misgivings of our own weak and faithless hearts, there are the scoffs of the worldly and the evil suggestions of Satan. All these influences may be at work, with more or less of strength, to seduce us from the toilsome path of duty. They are enfeebling our best efforts, they are leading us to abandon the field of energetic action and lulling us to a selfish repose. And the monitions of a conscience that is uneasy we try to silence by the thought, It is so little we can do. Surely, the facts at which we have glanced furnish the corrective of which we stand in need. They say to the weakest member of the Christian church, Give such service as you can render; and though it may be small in your own eye, and smaller still in the eye of a contemptuous world, Christ will put his own meaning into it, and invest it with a dignity that is divine. Nothing *can* be little that is done in his name. You can form no adequate notion of all the results that may flow from the humblest work undertaken for the Master's sake. The endeavour to bless one may in its ultimate issue bless thousands. The work begun in obscurity may be going on and spreading over the wide world when the workman is lying in the tomb. Let us see to only one thing, that the highest motive power is impelling us in our labours; let us have but the ardent and self-forgetting love which moved Mary to bring her best to the Saviour; and that will make the work shine with a lustre that is imperishable, because divine. What each can do, each ought to render. The Master asks no more; and he will take no less.

"The wise and true
Crave not for lofty tasks, but turn the small
To greatness, by the great heart doing all
For God."

"I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child
And guided where I go.

"So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified."

ON SOME OF THE PASSAGES THAT ARE USED IN THE BAPTISMAL CONTROVERSY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

EVERY one must have remarked the strong terms in which baptism is spoken of in some passages of Scripture. "Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling upon the name of the Lord." "Repent, and be baptized every one of you for the remission of sins." "We are buried with Him by baptism into death." "The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us." A recent article in the *Baptist Magazine*, for December, saves us the trouble of a full consideration of these texts. That article is headed "Baptismal Regeneration according to the Scriptures," and after noticing the strong expressions which are used in the Word of God on the subject of baptism, it sums up the whole matter with the forcible remark, that Scripture shuts us up either to *the baptism of the regenerate*, or *to the regeneration of the baptized*.

The principle on which these passages are to be interpreted seems to be the following. In the early church no appreciable interval elapsed between conversion and baptism. The moment a man believed he at once professed and expressed his faith in the act of baptism; or, as a Christian brother once expressed it, "It was a custom in early times, as soon as a man was *dead* to *bury* him." The eunuch hears of Jesus as he rides in his chariot, believes, and is baptized in the very first piece of water they come to. The jailor at Philippi hears the word, receives it, and "was baptized, he and all his, straightway." Thus it was universally. In those days, when nothing was to be gained by entering the church, a man's profession of faith was at once received, and immediately followed by baptism. It was, therefore, not at all unnatural for the apostles to apply expressions, that were strictly true of conversion alone, to that act which, in all cases, immediately succeeded it, and which most expressively represented it. The very first act of the new nature was to profess deadness with Christ by being buried under the water, and a resurrection to a new life by rising up from it; and the believer, in after years, in looking back upon the great change that had been wrought in him, would inseparably connect it with his baptism. Nor would it be unnatural to do so.

A young man has the prospect of rising high in a most lucrative profession. He thinks it his duty to sacrifice these attractive prospects and to give himself to the "ministry of the word." With this view he enters college; and in after life, reviewing the past, he says, "The day that I entered college I bade farewell to all my hopes of worldly emolument." Strictly speaking, it was not *that* day that was the turning point of his life—it was the day on which, in his own heart, he resolved thus to act—but his entering college was the immediate result of his decision and the outward expression of it; and therefore he applies to that step terms strictly applicable only to his own private resolve. Or, a lad runs away from the loving restraints of a happy home, enlists in the army, and years afterwards, comparing his former comforts with his present hardships,

says, "The day that I enlisted was the blackest day of my life." Strictly speaking, the day when he resolved to do so was the blackest, but his enlistment was the immediate consequence and outward expression of his resolution. The prodigal son might have said, "The turning point of my life was my journey back to my father's home;" when, strictly speaking, it was his "coming to himself" that changed his life. A husband, mourning the loss of the wife of his youth, may often say, "My hopes were buried in her tomb;" while, in fact, it was her death, not her burial, which so sorely afflicted him. And so the believer, in the early church, in looking back upon his past course, could say, "In my baptism I washed away my sins, in my baptism I was buried with Christ," for it was the first act of his faith, and it most beautifully expressed it. Are we, or are we not, justified, under the circumstances of our case, in delaying baptism so long as we often do?

This interpretation of these passages may be corroborated by the following words of one whose praise is in all the churches, Dr. Vaughan, of Doncaster, and coming from a Churchman they are the more worthy of note. In a sermon in the August number of *Good Words*, on the text, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit," he says: "In the 'laver of regeneration' the body has been already 'washed with pure water.' Holy baptism, received in repentance and faith by a man of full age and consenting will—or else afterwards realized by one who had received it in the unconsciousness of infancy—has been to him that point of transition from a condition of nature to a state of grace, which needs not afterwards to be reiterated or renewed." He then quotes the passages at the head of this article, and continues: "Such was baptism to St. Paul and to the first converts of the Gospel. It was the moment, and it was the conscious means, of transference from a life of sin to a life of holiness. It was that washing of the whole body, after which nothing more was needed save daily and hourly just to wash the feet." This shows the applicability of these passages to believers' baptism, and their interpretation when so applied; but how does Dr. Vaughan apply them to infant baptism? He proceeds to say: "To make the truth suitable to the personal experience of many of those who read these pages, we must speak rather of a season of awakening and of transformation, at which, in youth or age, a baptized person became consciously and earnestly a Christian. . . . *That* was for him the practical turning point of life. . . . *Then* was practically for him that one thorough washing of the whole body, in the saving waters, of which the first words of the text speak." That is to say, what the apostle speaks of baptism, we must now apply to conversion, —it is *inapplicable to infant baptism*. Surely these words of Dr. Vaughan should be added to our long list of Pædobaptist concessions.

A passage that must always take a very prominent place in the baptismal controversy is Matt. xxviii. 19, 20: "Go ye therefore, and disciple (μαθητεύσατε) all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The natural meaning of this is, of course, perfectly clear. "Make disciples of all nations, and as fast as you make disciples of them, baptize them; let the discipling and the baptizing

go side by side." But the attempt has been made to give another interpretation to the passage, and to make it mean—"Go and disciple all nations *by baptizing them*," so that the act of discipling should be considered as synonymous with baptism. These are the only two possible renderings of the passage. There must, of course, be some connexion between discipling and baptism; and the command to baptize being in the present tense, and coming after that to disciple, cannot refer to anything that *precedes* discipling. Baptism must either be subsequent to discipling, or coincident with it. Let us ask whether the latter view is coincident either with reason or with Scripture, and as this view is held only by the advocates of infant baptism, let us further inquire whether this view, if tenable at all, is applicable to the case of infants.

Our inquiry will be conducted on the simple and safe principle, What is the usage of Scripture in reference to the word in dispute?

Μαθητεύω signifies to "make disciples." Besides this passage it occurs only in three places in the New Testament. In Matt. xiii. 52 we read: "Therefore every scribe which is *instructed* (μαθητευθεὶς) unto the kingdom of heaven, is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." In Matt. xxvii. 57 occur the words: "Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple (ἐμαθήτευσε τῷ Ἰησοῦ)." The meaning of the word here admits of no doubt; were there any the parallel passage in John would make it clear: "Joseph of Arimathæa, being a disciple of Jesus (ὢν μαθητὴς τοῦ Ἰησοῦ)." The third passage, we think, is equally unambiguous. It occurs in Acts xiv. 21: "And when they had preached the Gospel to that city, and had *taught* many (μαθητεύσαντες ἱκανοὺς) they returned again to Lystra and to Iconium and to Antioch." Surely no one will say that this means simply that they had baptized many, whether disciples or not, or that the mere act of baptizing them made them disciples. The words that immediately follow, "confirming the souls of the *disciples*," show what is the meaning of the word μαθητεύω; it must signify just our phrase "make converts."

The derivation of the word will corroborate this interpretation of it. It is derived from μαθητής, a "learner," one who makes some teacher his master. So we read of the *disciples* of Moses, of John, of Jesus. Every one knows in what sense the word "disciple" is used in the New Testament. The "disciples" of Jesus were those who had heard his word, believed in him as the Messiah, and given themselves up to his teaching and to his service. And it is as such that the Saviour describes them. "If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother and wife . . . *he cannot be my disciple*." "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, *cannot be my disciple*." "Jesus said to those Jews which *believed* on him, If ye continue in my word, *then are ye my disciples indeed*." "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples,"—if ye are baptized? No:—"*if ye have love one to another*." "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, *so shall ye be my disciples*." Such is the Saviour's description of his disciples, such is his interpretation of the word μαθητής, such must have been his meaning when he said, "Go, and *make disciples* of all nations."

Etymology and Scripture usage thus point to the same meaning of the word "disciple." Can any one doubt that its meaning is such as we have traced above? And can any one doubt what answer we should give to the two questions before us,—Are these expressions applicable to infants? And are they applicable to any mere outward act? Can an infant of four weeks old be called a "learner," a "learner, a disciple of Jesus"? Can an infant "forsake all that he hath," "take up his cross," "continue in Christ's word," "love Christ's disciples," "bring forth much fruit"? Is it not a perfect misnomer to call an infant a *disciple*? And if baptism be coincident with discipling, how can infant baptism be consistent with the commission, "Go ye, *disciple* all nations, *baptizing* them"?

But we are asked to believe something else; not merely that infants can be made "learners, disciples of Jesus," but that the external application of water makes them so. The sprinkling of a few drops of water to make a person a "learner," and that person a new-born infant! Should this paper meet the eye of any of our Pædobaptist friends, we trust they will not think us irreverent in the comparison we are about to make. We remember, at school, when striving to master some Greek chorus, or puzzling over some mathematical problem, how we wished that there were some other means of study, that, for instance, we could take such a thing as a classical or mathematical pill, or draught, which would in a moment give us the desired knowledge. Seriously, *it is no more absurd to talk of* learning *classics by taking a classical pill than it is to talk of becoming a* "learner *of Christ" by the mere external application of water.* To say that the Saviour commands us to make *infants disciples*, is to say that he commands that which is *impossible;* to say that he commands us to do so by the mere application of water, is to say that he commands us to do that which is at once *impossible and absurd.* Finally, let us explain the Saviour's words by a kindred passage. "The Pharisees had heard that Jesus *made and baptized* more disciples than John (πλείονας μαθητὰς ποιεῖ καὶ βαπτίζει)." "Go ye, and *disciple* all nations, *baptizing* them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

A SUNDAY IN PARIS.

A FELLOW-TOURIST and myself were *en route* for Switzerland; and, as neither of us had seen Paris, we agreed to spend a few days in that magnificent city. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, we devoted to the Tuileries, the Hôtel des Invalides, the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Hôtel de Cluny, the Palais de Justice, the principal churches, Bois de Boulogne, and a host of other places, too numerous to mention. Saturday we gave to Versailles; rambling through its gardens, traversing its picture-galleries, gazing on its many objects of interest, till our legs were tired of walking and our eyes of seeing. As we lay down to rest that night, we could not help repeating the trite saying of all sight-seers, "Well, after all, there is no toil like the toil of pleasure."

"Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," soon came to us with her refreshing influences; and we rose on the Sunday morning new men. Leaving my friend at his toilet, I sallied out to see early worship at Notre Dame.

Passing the ancient church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, with which several important historical events are associated,—the most tragic being the bloody massacre of St. Bartholomew (the signal for that massacre having been given by the tolling of a bell from the belfry of this church, which was answered by a bell from the Palais de Justice, and then the slaughter began),—I stepped in. There was no public service; but several persons were engaged in different parts of the church at private prayers, and some were in the confession boxes unburdening their hearts to their spiritual advisers. After looking round for a few minutes, I hurried on.

One could already perceive, at that early hour, that there was a vast difference between a French Sunday and an English Sabbath. Everybody seemed preparing for the work or the pleasure of the day. Shopkeepers were taking down their shutters and beginning to display their goods,—costermongers were plying their calling and crying their wares,—workmen were hurrying to their labour,—boys were fishing from the bridges and quays on the Seine,—there were all the indications of a day of more than ordinary bustle and excitement.

Just before reaching Notre Dame, I turned aside for a moment to look into the Morgue, a plain Doric building on the Quai du Marché Neuf, in which the bodies of persons found drowned, or otherwise deprived of life, are placed for recognition. Here they remain publicly exposed three days; if not owned by that time they are interred at the national expense. Two men, found in the Seine, were lying on the slabs. Sad as was the sight, it was not nearly so affecting as that of the busy multitude outside. The Morgue itself was only a house for dead bodies; the city seemed one immense sepulchre, full of dead souls. As I thought of the hundreds of thousands of spiritual suicides around me, I could not help crying with Ezekiel, "*Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.*"

Arrived at Notre Dame—that "epic in stone," as Victor Hugo calls it—I had some difficulty in entering without paying; but as I have a conscientious objection to contribute to the support of error, I was resolved that if there was no admission without pay I would remain outside. After considerable waiting, I got in. Mass was being celebrated; but the congregation was small, and was made up for the most part of three or four schools of girls and the Sisters of Charity who had them in charge. At the close of the service, I returned to our hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, and found my friend anxiously waiting both for his breakfast and my return.

While at breakfast, we agreed that we would attend the morning service of the Scotch church, which was conducted in an upper room of the Oratoire,—that at the close we would go into the Oratoire, and hear Pasteur Coquerel,—that we would dine at a restaurant in the Palais Royal,—that after dinner we would go to the cemetery of Père Lachaise, and there meditate among the tombs,—and that then we would return home to rest. This was our programme for the day. We were ignorant, at the time, of the existence of a *Baptist* church in Paris; else we would have diligently sought our brethren out.

On our way to the Oratoire, we crossed the street to the church of St. Roch: this and the Madeleine are two of the principal preaching places in Paris. It was at St. Roch the Bishop of Orleans dared to preach his celebrated sermon a few years ago in defence of the Pope and against the policy of the French Emperor. Like most of the other churches in Paris, it has associations with the political storms which have swept over that city. As we ascended the steps, we remembered that in 1792 they were the scene of fearful slaughter, and were covered with human blood. Now they were crowded with beggars, imploring alms. An official sat within the door in a kind of sentry-box, with a long stick in his hand, at the end of which there was a brush, that he every now

and then dipped into a vessel of holy water, with which he sprinkled the worshippers as they went in. Because we declined his favours he regarded us with a look of wrath and defiance, and seemed to mutter subdued curses against the heretics. The persons assembled were variously occupied. Several were kneeling at confession. A little girl had a candle burning before her, and appeared to measure her prayers by the duration of her light. In less than ten minutes the church was crowded with a fashionable congregation. Mass was then celebrated with much pomp, by two priests clothed in gorgeous vestments; the place was filled with the fragrant smoke of burning incense, and the choir chanted some of Mozart's finest music, accompanied by the pealing tones of one of the best organs we ever heard. A number of persons (all females, except one emaciated, pale young man, who looked ready for his grave) knelt before the altar to receive the communion. Nothing struck us more forcibly than the almost total absence of men. We could not help thinking of Sydney Smith, who, preaching on one occasion to a congregation composed chiefly of ladies, took for his text, "*Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness;*" laying special emphasis on the word "*men.*"

Leaving St. Roch, we reached the Oratoire a few minutes before eleven; and, having ascended a flight of steps, found the room occupied by the Established Church of Scotland. About eighty persons were present, most of them Scotch residents in Paris; a few, like ourselves, being visitors. The minister commenced the service by giving out to be sung the 84th Psalm in the Scotch version, beginning—

"How lovely is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me;
The tabernacles of thy grace,
How pleasant, Lord, they be!"

All present sang it heartily. It was felt to be most appropriate. The place where we were met was a sacred refuge—a sanctuary, indeed, from the Babel outside. We found it very refreshing to our wearied souls to unite in prayers we could understand, and that expressed our needs. The preacher selected for his text, Luke vii. 11–15. He showed how the raising of the widow's son to life illustrated the power and the tenderness of Jesus, and how it encourages us to confide in him at all times. Nothing can place us beyond the reach of the Saviour's arm, nor exclude us from his sympathy and love.

Before the service was quite over we left the upper room, and went into the church. The Oratoire belongs to the Calvinists, or Protestants of the Genevan Confession, to whom it was ceded in 1802. The room in which we had just been worshipping is lent by them to our Scotch brethren. The church itself is a spacious building, and that day was thronged in every part by one of the most intelligent-looking audiences we ever saw. The singing was congregational, and full of melody. The prayer before the sermon was earnest, fervent, and animated. In the preacher we were disappointed; instead of M. Coquerel, sen., it was his son, who has since made himself so notorious in connexion with M. Rénan's "Vie de Jesus," and who has had to suffer the penalty of his heresy. His text was Matt. v. 17–48. His object was to show that Jesus was a great reformer; that he protested against the authority of tradition, and that we ought to do the same. Christianity, he said, was a reformation. Every reformation included revolution and restoration. Jesus revolted against the Scribes and the Pharisees; and then restored, in their true import, the law and the prophets. Jesus thus proved that he came not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil them. Calvin, Zuingle, and others, protested in their day; and all true, honest Christians now must utter their protest against hereditary opinions and the teachings of tradition. There was a spirit of free

and fearless inquiry abroad; and our search after truth, and our advocacy of truth, must recognize that spirit. The preacher's fine voice, and natural and expressive action, added greatly to the effect of his discourse, which was listened to throughout with the utmost attention. Our regret was that, in the midst of so much that was true and impressive, there was no recognition of Christ's divine nature, of his priestly office and work, or of the way of salvation through faith in his name. All the doctrines known as evangelical were absent from the sermon; though some of them might have been introduced in several places with striking and beautiful propriety. Any disciple of Socinus might have said all that this disciple of Calvin said on that occasion. It was sad to find that an able and eloquent man, who had the ear of nearly two thousand people, did not address a single word to them about that which their poor souls most needed,—"Redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace."

After dinner and a short season of quiet, we set out for Père Lachaise. Opposite the Madeleine we had a faithful illustration of a Parisian Sunday. A great crowd of persons were standing round a street conjurer, who was performing all sorts of sleight-of-hand tricks and feats of balancing and tumbling, much to the amusement of the spectators, and greatly to his own gain.

As we approached the entrance of Père Lachaise, the houses on both sides of the Rue St. André were devoted to the sale of tombstones, tablets, coffins, and immortelles. A continuous stream of persons of both sexes and all ages poured into the cemetery, many of them carrying chaplets of flowers and other tokens of affection for the dead. There was old age with trembling step leaning on the arm of manhood, going to look on the resting-place of some long-lost friend. There were widows going to mourn over departed husbands; and bereaved husbands to weep for wives who were no more. Brothers were on their way to the graves of sisters; and sisters to the graves of brothers. Loving parents were moving on to shed the tears of affection over children early gone; and orphan children led by distant relatives to the tombs which enclosed their dead parents.

Père Lachaise derives its name from Lachaise, the confessor of Louis XIV., notorious for having instigated that monarch to revoke the Edict of Nantes. A religious institution existed here, of which Lachaise was the superintendent. The estate was purchased for a cemetery at the commencement of the present century, and the first grave was dug on the 1st of May, 1804. It was not, however, till 1815 that the cemetery became popular. Now it is, what Longfellow terms it, "The Westminster Abbey of Paris." One can hardly take a step without coming on the tomb of some celebrated individual. The greatest names in French history are inscribed here, from those of Heloise and Abelard, down to Arago and Béranger. The situation is one of great beauty; and art has done its best to aid nature in rendering the place attractive. It is laid out with exquisite taste, and planted with yews, willows, poplars, acacias, chestnut-trees, the arbor-vitæ, and the honey-suckle. There are nearly sixty thousand monuments and monumental chapels, many of them displaying great architectural elegance. As we sat, at times, amid the shadows of the heavy foliage, and thought of the statesmen, warriors, philosophers, poets, artists, historians, divines, whose remains were scattered around us, we felt more deeply than ever "the vanity of man apart from his immortality."

Among the tombs we most specially noticed, were the beautiful little Gothic chapel which contains the remains of Heloise and Abelard; the stone sarcophagus, supported by four columns, and surmounted by a vase, indicating the spot to which the remains of Molière were transferred in 1817; the quadrangular pyramid which rises over Volney's ashes; the plain monument that calls the

attention of the passer-by to the grave of the witty Sydney Smith; and the magnificent and costly mausoleum erected by the citizens of Paris to the memory of the great banker, Casimir Perier.

Many of the epitaphs arrest the visitor's attention. On the monument erected by the French people to Windsor, who was the original projector of gas-light, and who lit up London with gas, is the following inscription:—"F. K. Windsor, fondateur de l'eclairage de villes, par gaz; mort à Paris, 11 Mai, 1830, age de 69 ans. Ex fumo dare lucem."* One line on another tomb thus sets forth an unhappy history:—"Victime d'un hymen malheureux."† In another place filial love thus exclaims:—"A ma tendre mère, ma meilleure amie!"‡ Elsewhere a father's grief vents itself thus:—"Mon fils! mon fils! à dix huit ans dans la tombe! En te perdant j'ai perdu le bonheur."§ And thus a mother's heart pours forth its anguish on the monument of Labedoyere (whose interment here in 1815, together with that of Ney, turned the tide of public favour towards Père Lachaise):—"Mon amour pour mon fils a pu seul me retenir à la vie."‖ The Mariolatry of the Romish Church, and her doctrines concerning the state of the departed and the efficacy of prayers for them, are proclaimed on all hands. Amid the surrounding superstition, the following testimony on the tomb of a Mr. Jones is like a light shining in a dark place:—"Early in life he obtained, through faith in Christ, a sense of the forgiveness of his sins; and for many years previous to his death constantly rejoiced in the God of his salvation. By divine grace he was enabled to bear the protracted illness which terminated his life without a murmur, delighting to praise God in the midst of his affliction. As death approached he triumphed in the prospect of eternal life, and repeatedly exclaimed, 'For me to die is gain.'" This was the clearest and most comprehensive statement of Gospel truth we saw or heard in Paris.

We lingered amid the ruins of mortality around us for hours; and then, as the sun was going down, and the shadows of evening drew on, retired from the scene. Struggling through the crowds of pleasure-seekers who thronged the *boulevards* and *rues*, we at last reached our hotel. As we knelt in prayer, ere we sought repose, we gave thanks to God that, at home, the first day of the week was an English Sabbath and not a French Sunday.

Poetry.

"OUR SAINTS."

THE "prayers of saints"—ah yes, indeed,
I well believe they pray,
Whose ministry is ever sweet
About our earthly way.

The saints—have we not known them here
In days of earthly care,
When they were one with us in hope,
In labour, love, and prayer?

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* "F. K. Windsor, originator of lighting towns with gas; died in Paris, 11th May, 1830, aged 69 years. From smoke to give light."
† "Victim of an unhappy marriage."
‡ "My tender mother, my best friend."
§ "My son! my son! at eighteen in the tomb! In losing thee I have lost happiness."
‖ "My love for my son has alone been able to keep me in life."

Have we not seen their dying eyes,
Like morning stars at dawn,
Look through the golden gates of day,
To hail the eternal morn?

Hath not each common household thing,
That once of old was theirs,
Been gifted with a holy charm
To aid us in our prayers?

Sweet fragrance from the heavenly land
Falls softly from the skies,
And fills the common household room
Once hallowed by their eyes.

The book, the chair, the pen, the glove,
To us are more divine
Than crucifix or rosary
Brought from the holiest shrine.

The curl of hair, the faded leaves,
The ring, the flower, the gem,
Speak with a tender, warning voice,
And bid us follow them.

High thoughts, brave deeds, and firm resolves,
And zeal that never faints,
Come to us by these simplest things—
These relics of our saints.

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I've ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down into the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
Which leads at last to the light.

Father, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my feeble faith,
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the shore of the river of death.

Let me feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
It may be I'm nearer home,
Still nearer than I think.

Reviews.

Biblical Commentary on the Old Testament. By C. F. Keil, D.D., and F. Delitzsch, D.D., Professors of Theology. Vol. II., The Pentateuch. Translated from the German by the Rev. James Martin, B.A., Nottingham.

Theological and Homiletical Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. Specially designed and adapted for the use of Ministers and Students. From the German of G. V. Lechler, D.D., and K. Gerok. Edited by J. P. Lange, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Bonn. Translated by Rev. Paton J. Gloag, Minister of Blantyre. Vol. II.

Clark's Foreign Theological Library.

We repeat the warm commendation which we gave to these works on the appearance of the former volumes. The present instalment of the Commentary on the Pentateuch carries us from the twelfth chapter of Exodus to the end of Leviticus, and treats, therefore, of some of the most difficult and important questions in the Mosaic law. We recognize throughout the indications of sound learning, as well as of clear, decided, and orthodox faith. From Germany, such a book is a great treasure, as distinctly marking the regression, on the part of the most competent scholars, from rationalist belief. The truth is, that Bishop Colenso, and other purveyors of bygone German scepticism to the British public, are behind their time. Yet it would be unjust not to acknowledge the indirect benefit which the Tübingen school has conferred on modern theology. There can be no question that Biblical studies had sunk to a very low ebb indeed, when the Scriptures fell into the hands of the rationalists. These critics did at least explore, with the most painstaking industry, the letter of the Divine Oracles, and the externals of sacred history. It was necessary, if only to refute them, to be at least as wise as they. Hence the mighty impulse which has been given, both in Germany and Great Britain, to the study of the Scriptures. But for De Wette and Von Bohlen, we should have had no Keil and Delitzsch. And there is no doubt that the Bishop of Natal is forwarding a similar result among ourselves. As the matter at present stands, he has contributed more to Biblical science than any member of the Episcopal bench, with the single exception of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. His speculations have taught theologians that there is a world of unexplored material beneath their feet; and we do not suppose that we shall ever have an English bishop again confessing that he does not understand Hebrew.

Some readers of this Commentary, on Leviticus especially, may be disappointed that it does not more distinctly set forth the typical meaning of the ordinances and offerings. This, however, would have been foreign to the authors' purpose. Their aim is direct and honest exposition; and they neither anticipate nor supplement the Epistle to the Hebrews. For ourselves, it is far more satisfactory to be assisted to know exactly what the sacrifices were, and how they were to be offered, than to be detained continually to consider the analogies which the commentator thinks he has discovered between the Old Covenant and the New. Drs. Keil and Delitzsch, in a word, are expositors, not preachers; and the result is the best exposition, perhaps, of the earlier portions of Scripture that as yet exists in an English dress.

The second volume mentioned above is more directly homiletical, while the exegetic and dogmatic elements have their full share. The plan of Dr. Lange and his associates is by this time well understood; and the distinctive features which make the series of commentaries so valuable are well preserved in the volume before us. The version of the Acts appears to us admirably executed; and this, of course, is due in part to the English translator. As heretofore, the exegesis is learned and satisfactory; the "dogmatical and exegetical thoughts" are

generally suggestive, though we must say that we find them sometimes a little common-place; and when the authors touch upon ecclesiastical or sacramental matters, we generally dissent from them. Would that these able and fearless German expositors could but be brought to look at their own conclusions from the point of view which the English Baptists occupy! We sometimes hope that the noble mission to the people, which has its headquarters at Hamburg and Berlin, will not be without its influence in the high places of theologic thought.

As a specimen of the homiletical department of the Commentary, our readers will be glad of the following, on Acts xvii. 23:—

"*To the unknown God.* How many altars of the heart have this inscription! The Godhead is naturally inscribed on the heart of all men, and who is there that does not think that he serves God? But, alas! this light of knowledge is, with most, darkened by carnal curiosity, prejudice, and evil example, so that the true God is to them still an unknown God. (Starke.)

"How necessary were it that a Paul should rise up in all our Christian churches and houses, and preach to modern Christians, that they, with all their show of knowledge and adoration, serve and build altars to an unknown God. (Gossner.)

"There are many whose heart is as the market-place of Athens, or as the Pantheon, a temple of all gods. One idol stands there beside another: anger, pride, lust, covetousness, indolence, worldly honour. Search into thy heart, whether these images are not there. Most of us must answer, Yes: and say, My god is my life, science, art, gold, joy, my lover, my bride, my wife, my children, and the other blessings of this world. And behind, in a little corner, in the uneasy agitation of conscience, there is an altar with the inscription, 'To the unknown God;' that is to say, to the God in whose name I am baptised and confirmed, to whom I have dedicated myself, who preserves and sustains me with his lovingkindness, but with whom I stand in no living intercourse, and whose commands I at pleasure transgress. (Ahlfeld.)

"*To whom is the living God an unknown God?* 1. To those who think themselves wise. 2. To those who perform the external acts of worship without seeking God himself. 3. To those who do not live in him, but in the world and its lusts. 4. To those who do not desire to find God in Christ. (Langbein.)

"*The believing heart, an altar to the well-known God.* 1. In him, the presentiment of his being is converted into undoubted certainty by the Word of God. 2. In him, the uneasy fear of his holiness is changed into holy peace by the redemption of Christ. 3. In him, the inclination to sin is overcome by the Holy Ghost." (Florey.) Pp. 180, 181.

The following, also, on the last verse of the Acts, and the seemingly abrupt close of the book, is interesting:—

"Concerning further events, Luke is silent, for he did not intend to write a biography of Paul. He has exhibited the riches of the grace and power of the Lord Jesus, from the Mount of Olives to the City of the Seven Hills. He can relate nothing greater, and Theophilus has read sufficient in order to close with a hallelujah. (Besser.)

"*The quiet disappearance of the Apostle Paul at the close of the apostolic history.* 1. It points to the exalted Lord of the Church, who abides, although his servants disappear: Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. 2. It points to the blessed rest, into which the faithful servants of God are permitted to enter, after the well-concluded day of work. 3. It points to the work of faith and labour of love, which is left behind to us from these first chosen witnesses. 4. It points to the great day of eternity, which will bring to light all that is now dark in the providential dispensations toward the children of God, and in the history of his kingdom," pp. 458, 460.

The Life of the Lord Jesus Christ: a complete Critical Examination of the Origin, Contents, and Connexion of the Gospels. Translated from the German of J. P. Lange, D.D. Edited, with additional Notes, by the Rev. Marcus Dods, A.M. In Six Volumes. Vols. IV. (translated by Rev. R. E. Wallis), V. (translated by Rev. S. Manson), VI. (translated by Rev. R. Smith). Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

This admirable edition of a noble work has already taken its place among the choicest treasures of British theological libraries. Most heartily, and with even greater emphasis than when we noticed the first three volumes, do we commend it to all who feel that the Gospel is above all things the exhibition of "God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." The modern churches, in realizing and maintaining this conviction, are but drawing nearer to the theology of primitive times. As it was among the first of heresies to deny that Jesus Christ had "come in the flesh;" so the chief of doctrines, the "mystery of godliness" itself, was, that he "was manifested in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory."

Hence the four narratives of his earthly life were pre-eminently termed "the Gospels;" and the earliest extant human creed, though undoubtedly post-apostolic, expressed, by the simple recapitulation of Messiah's history, the truths which the first ages recognized as the foundation of all Christianity. To set forth the facts of that history, therefore, to discern their meaning and spirit, and to enforce their teachings, is the achievement by which above all others our faith can be placed in accordance with the theology and piety of the universal church. We wonder not, therefore, that the task has tempted many. The sceptical have essayed it from their own point of view, with a success that at present we need not stay to estimate, as "their testimony agreeth not among themselves." In a different spirit have Neander, Ebrard, Riggenbach, Wieseler, and the author whose six volumes are now before us, addressed themselves to different portions of the happy task. The works of these writers, with the more compendious volumes of Bishop Ellicott and Mr. Andrews, are all well deserving of study; but Lange most unquestionably, for depth and fulness, bears the palm.

Some readers, we fear, may be deterred by the six volumes, especially as the author's plan has required the virtual repetition of many points of the history. Others, again, will turn in dismay from the elaborate argument with which the first volume is so largely occupied; and in which, with rare metaphysical power, the author endeavours to demonstrate the accordance of the Incarnation with the true philosophy of the human and the divine. We confess that here we are not prepared to accept all Dr. Lange's conclusions. It appears too much like "building a universe upon hypothesis" to argue that the assumption of humanity by the Divine Word was essentially independent of human transgression, so that whereas in any case the world would have beheld Incarnate Deity as the flower and perfection of manhood, the only work of sin was to introduce into that life the *accidents* of suffering and death. This may be true, but we cannot know. Still, to all who can relish a prolix *à priori* discussion of the most abstract kind, we recommend this part of the work as most suggestive, and even enthralling in its interest.

The general reader perhaps would do well to read the last volume and a half before the rest. For, after the metaphysico-theological discussion to which we have referred, and the consideration of the evangelic history as a whole, Dr. Lange, in this concluding portion of the book, has undertaken the analysis of the four separate testimonies, showing very felicitously, and often in a brief and compact style, the differing characteristics of the Gospels. These have never been better or more instructively displayed. The only thing that vitiates the exposition, in our view, is the adoption of the patristic conceit that the four living ones of Ezekiel and the Apocalypse represent the evangelists. There is, indeed, a superficial appropriateness in part of the analogy. For John, the writer of "the spiritual Gospel," to be pictured by "the flying eagle," strikes us at once as a happy thought. Yet Irenæus finds the "eagle" in Mark, the "lion" in John, the "man" in Matthew, and the "ox" in Luke. Jerome, who is followed by the theologians and the artists of the West, more appropriately transposes these symbols of Mark and John; while Augustine discovers in Matthew the "lion" and in Mark the "man." "All writers," says Mr. Westcott, "agree in assigning the 'ox' to St. Luke." He should have said, all excepting Lange. According to our author the ox or "bullock" symbolizes Matthew's, or the *sacrificial* Gospel; the "lion" the Gospel by Mark, or the revelation of Christ in his *kingly power;* and the "man" the Gospel by Luke, or the delineation of the Saviour in his *human* relations and tenderness. Of course, John's is "the eagle Gospel." Now, believing as we do that the cherubic symbol stands for something altogether different from all this, we are not concerned to decide between such differences of opinion. Dr. Lange's discussion would have been decidedly improved by the omission of these emblems, with the ingenious special pleading which he has been compelled to employ in order to reconcile the contents of each Gospel with its imaginary zoological archetype.

We nevertheless very strongly recommend the careful study of this third part. It will be easier thus to apprehend the skilful and elaborate "harmony" wrought out in the second; and

to enter appreciatively into the abstractions of the first.

We need scarcely add that it is sometimes difficult, now and then impossible, to agree with the author's interpretations. Thus, notwithstanding his ingenious reasoning, we still believe that the temptation was a personal, though mysterious, encounter with Satan; and that a deputation of Pharisees from Jerusalem to offer Jesus the throne of David on condition of his falling in with their "chiliastic" views and ambitions, would hardly have been designated in the narrative simply as "the devil." At the same time we quite go with Dr. Lange in his frequent references to chiliasm, or the dream of Messiah's personal and carnal reign on earth, as underlying both the errors of the disciples and the enmity of the Jews. The absolute spirituality of the kingdom of God is a truth at all times needful to insist upon, and its zealous, effective maintenance is not the least among the merits of this most remarkable and valuable book.

Christian Cabinet.

THE LORD OUR STRENGTH.

It is blessed to know that "the Lord will give strength to his people" (Ps. xxix. 11). But it is still better to be able to say, "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength" (Isa. xlv. 24). "The Lord is the strength of my life"—"the strength of my heart" (Ps. xxvii. 1, lxxiii. 26); and thus to have the Lord himself, is the very vigour and substance of the inner man. Now it is only in Christ Jesus that God can be strength to any child of Adam. "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly," for the very reason that he might be their strength; "the strength of their salvation" (Rom. v. 6; Ps. cxl. 7).

The strength of the body must reside in the body itself; the nerve of the arm in the arm itself; a man's own sinews are the strength of the man. So it is with Christ in the new man of the heart. It is Christ dwelling in the soul,—Christ embodied in the soul,—one with the soul,—Christ, so to speak, the nerve, the sinew, the muscle, of the inner man.

Again, there is strength in meat and drink. The man takes his food, and it is made strength to him. It enters into the man, and becomes a very portion of his blood, his flesh, and his bones. So it is between Christ and the soul. It is Christ received into the heart by faith, Christ fed upon day by day, that gives strength to the soul; Christ himself being assimilated by the soul; taken up, as "the staff of life," by the inner man.

Again, there is what we call strength of mind. This is, in reality, a part of the man who possesses it; you cannot separate a man and his mind. Now strength of mind is by no means the same as spiritual strength; but what strength of mind is to the natural man, Christ is to the new man of the heart, the very essence of his intellect, the substance of his character.

And how is Christ made the strength of the soul? The believer is made "a new creature,"—a new creation (2 Cor. v. 17), of which Christ himself is the life and soul. If a man is dead, he has no strength left in his body; but if you could give life to his body, you would restore his strength. In like manner dead souls have no strength, till Christ enters into them, and becomes their strength. Thus Paul says, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. iv. 13). He says, "I can do all things." It was Paul that lived; Paul that acted. Paul had strength for all that he did, and that strength was Christ. And again, "I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me . . . . . putting me into the ministry" (1 Tim. i. 12); "hath enabled me," *i.e.*, being strength and power to me; literally giving strength, &c.

Christ is our strength through the Spirit dwelling in us. Christ and the Spirit are one. If the one dwells in us

the other must be in us also. It is written, "That he would grant you to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man" (Eph. iii. 16). We must not imagine, because it is at one time said to be Christ, and at another the Spirit, that strengthens us, that therefore Christ and the Spirit act independently of one another, and that at one time Christ is made to strengthen us, and at another the Spirit. It is always the same process; Christ being our strength by means of the Spirit; the Spirit taking of the strength of Christ, and working it in us. It must ever be by the Spirit taking of the fulness of Jesus, that we receive of his fulness, and grace for grace (John i. 16). And thus, when Paul had spoken of our being strengthened with might by the Spirit in the inner man, he added, "that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith" (Eph. iii. 17). And why? But that he might be the strength of their hearts, as he is their portion for ever (Ps. lxxiii. 26).

Christian reader, can you repose in Jesus as your strength? When you have gone to him in time of weakness, has he not looked upon you, as he looked upon Gideon? Has he not said to you, "Go, in this thy might"? (Judges vi. 14). He looked, as he also spoke, strength into the heart of Gideon. Has he not looked strength into you? Jesus spake to Daniel of old,—"O man, greatly beloved, fear not; peace be unto thee; be strong, yea, be strong." Daniel had been fearful as you or I; but he tells us, "When he had spoken unto me I was strengthened, and said, Let my Lord speak, for thou hast strengthened me" (Dan. x. 19). And has the Lord never said to you by his Word, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee, yea, I will keep thee"? (Is. xli. 10). How is it that you and I cannot repose more on Christ our strength?

You say, "I am weak,—so very weak,—how can I be strong?" Friend, is not this the very reason that you should realize your strength in Christ? Yes, it is God's will that you should feel your own weakness, that you may find strength where alone it is to be found. If Christ were made strength unto you before you felt your own weakness, you might imagine that the strength was your own, and not Christ's. Paul said, "When I am weak, then am I strong" (2 Cor. xii. 10). And this because the more he felt his own weakness, the more he sought his strength in Christ, and the more was Christ made strength to him. Yes, if we would thoroughly repose on Jesus as our strength, we must learn, like Paul, to glory in our infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon us (2 Cor. xii. 9). This does not mean that we are to glory in our faults, which are the fruit of our infirmities; but to glory in the fact that we have no strength of our own to correct our faults, in order that we may be filled with a higher strength, "that the power of Christ may rest upon us." It is simply that our emptiness makes room for a better fulness,—the fulness of Christ.

Let us reduce this rule to practice. When we have a temptation to resist, a trial to bear, a duty to perform, and when we look into our own hearts and find no strength there, instead of lamenting, let us rather rejoice. Paul tells us that he gloried in the fact; may we not do the same? It was not that he had found a pretext for avoiding the duty, or yielding to the temptation. Nay, verily, but that he might, with a vigour not his own, take up the cross and go forth against the enemy. Oh, reader, it is easy enough to quote Paul's words! It is not so easy to follow him, as he followed Christ; to repose on Jesus with the same effect as he did. We are to repose on Christ as our strength; not that we may be slothful, not that Christ may do the work and we ourselves be passive all the while, but that, being strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, we ourselves may wrestle against the wicked one (Eph. vi. 10-17). If it is written that "the God of peace shall bruise Satan," by his mighty power, it is "under" our "feet" that it is to be done (Rom. xvi. 20). We ourselves must put forth the strength that is in us,—even the strength of Jesus, if we would tread upon all the power of the enemy.

Reader, may you and I thus repose upon Jesus! Ought any duty to be too much for us, any temptation too strong, any trial too distressing, when we have

such strength at our command; such an arm to lean upon; such a Saviour to repose in; such promises to encourage and cheer our hearts! Let us remember that "they who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint" (Isa. xl. 31). May we thus repose on Jesus, and may our repose not be in vain!

God has "commanded" our "strength" (Ps. lxviii. 28). The way to be strong is to act on the credit of strength being given. Strength is received in the act of obeying. When the path of duty is clear, it is want of faith to continue asking for strength, and not to act upon it (Ex. xiv. 15; Josh. vii. 10). Want of strength often means want of courage, or want of will. Reader, may you and I not thus repose on Jesus!

A MOTHER'S WAGES.

It was an uncouth bird's-nest of rushes in which Jochebed moored her birdling "among the flags by the river's brink." Little did she know what precious freight she was intrusting to that basket-cradle. And little did Pharaoh's daughter know—when she took the little foundling out of the floating basket—what manner of child he yet would be. As she gives back the handsome boy into the very bosom that first gave him life, she says to Jochebed, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

"I will give thee thy wages," says the Egyptian princess to the Hebrew nurse. She got her wages in better coin than silver or gold. She got them in the joys a mother feels when she yields up a part of herself to sustain her darling child; she got them in the love of the babe she nursed; she got them in the glorious service which her child wrought for Israel in after years. She was paid in the heavenly coin with which God pays good mothers. For all her anxieties and all her efforts to preserve the life of her "goodly child" was she abundantly rewarded.

When God lays a new-born babe in the arms of a wedded pair, he says to them, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give you your wages." And the answer of Christian gratitude and faith should be, "O God, thou hast put thy noblest work into our hands. We accept the precious trust. We will try to stamp on this soft, plastic heart the impress of a godly example. We will shelter this young life under thy mercy-seat. We will bear with it as thou bearest with us. We will be truthful, that it may never learn falsehood. We will nurse this soul in its infancy with the 'sincere milk' of love, that in after years it may bear 'strong meat' for strong service of God and righteousness. O God, make our lives in harmony with thee, that this young life may reflect thine image in reflecting ours!"

To such pious fidelity God offers the only wages that can satisfy the claims of love. He pays the heart's claim in the heart's own coin. What wages could repay Hannah's prayerful care like the sight of Samuel's after career as Israel's upright judge? Moses standing on the mount was the "wages" of the poor Hebrew mother who cradled him in her basket of rushes. St. Augustine's mighty service for the Gospel was the best reward that God could give to Monica. John Wesley's mother was repaid for all her patient discipline when her son built the world-wide tabernacle for Methodism to worship in. George Washington was God's reward to Washington's good mother; as Archibald Alexander, and Brown of Haddington, and Lyman Beecher found their "wages" in the noble sons who took the Gospel-banner from their aged hands.

When I have seen a happy father and mother looking on the prizes their children brought home from school, or enjoying the home that filial love had provided for their old age, then have I seen how God rewards parental patience and fidelity. When I have seen pious parents beholding their children as they stood up before the church to profess Christ in the freshness of a youthful consecration, then I have said to myself, "God is paying those parents their wages." They once dropped the seed with faith and tears; now their sheaf is large and golden. God rewards a mother's fidelity and a father's godly example with accumulating interest through all eternity.

Alas! I have seen other "wages," too, paid dearly for, by parental impiety or neglect of duty. Eli's sin was repaid in Eli's sorrow. I have seen a frivolous, prayerless mother paid in the wages of a broken heart. And when to many a father's door a drunken son has been brought home from a Sabbath-breaking debauch, it was only the wages of his own sin which a just God was paying him. The "wages of sin is death"—and of no sin more surely than parental. It is death to peace of mind—death to domestic happiness—death to the neglected or misguided souls of their offspring.

Take this child and nurse it for ME, and I will give thee thy wages—is the inscription which God's hand writes on every cradle. "When I dressed my child each morning, I prayed that Jesus would clothe it with purity," said a godly mother to one who inquired her secret of good training. "When I wash it, I pray that his blood may cleanse its young soul from evil; when I feed it, I pray that its heart may be nourished with truth and may grow into likeness with the youthful Jesus of Nazareth." Here was religious training from the cradle. It began with the dawn, and its course was like the sun, growing more full-orbed in beauty until the "perfect day." That mother received her golden wages in the early conversion, usefulness, and honour of all her children. "Go thou and do likewise."—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH OUR CHARLEY?

YES, that is the question! The fact is, there seems to be no place in heaven above, or earth beneath, that is exactly safe and suitable, except the bed. While he is asleep, then our souls have rest; we know where he is and what he is about, and sleep is a gracious state; but then he wakes up bright and early, and begins tooting, pounding, hammering, singing, meddling, asking questions, and, in short, overturning the peace of society generally, for about thirteen hours out of the twenty-four.

Everybody wants to know what to do with him,—everybody is quite sure that he can't stay where they are. The cook can't have him in the kitchen, where he infests the pantry to get flour to make paste for his kites, or melts lead in the new saucepan. If he goes into the wood shed, he is sure to pull the wood pile down upon his head. If he be sent to the garret, you think for a while that you have settled the problem, till you find what a boundless field of activity is opened amid all the packages, boxes, bags, barrels, and cast-off rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers, trunks of miscellaneous contents, are all rummaged, and the very reign of Chaos and old Night is instituted. He sees endless capabilities in all things, and is always hammering something, or knocking something apart, or sawing, or planing, or dragging boxes or barrels in all directions to build cities, or laying rails for railways, till everybody's head aches, quite down to the lower floor, and everybody declares that Charley must be kept out of the garret.

Then you send Charley to school, and hope you are fairly rid of him, for a few hours at least. But he comes home noisier and busier than ever, having learned of some twenty other Charleys every separate resource for keeping up a commotion that the superabundant vitality of each can originate. He can dance like Jem Smith; he has learned to smack his lips like Joe Brown; Will Briggs has shown him how to mew like a cat; and he enters the house with a new war-whoop learned from Tom Evans. He feels large and valorous; he has learned that he is a boy, and has a general impression that he is growing immensely strong and knowing, and despises more than ever the conventionalities of parlour-life—in fact he is more than ever an interruption in the way of decent folks, who want to be quiet.

It is true that, if entertaining persons will devote themselves to him exclusively, reading and telling stories, he may be kept in a state of quiescence; but then this is discouraging work, for he swallows a story as a dog does a piece of meat, and looks at you for another, and another, without the slightest consideration, so that this resource is of short duration; and then the old question comes up, What is to be done with him?

But, after all, Charley is not to be wholly shirked, for he is an institution, a solemn and awful *fact*; and on the answer of the question, What is to be done with him? depends a future. Many a hard, morose, and bitter man has come from a Charley turned off and neglected—many a parental heart-ache has come from a Charley left to run the streets, that mamma and sisters might play on the piano, and write letters in peace. It is easy to get rid of him—there are fifty ways of doing that—he is a spirit that can be promptly laid for a season, but if not laid aright, will come back by-and-by a strong man armed, when you cannot send him off at pleasure.

Mamma and sisters had better pay a little tax to Charley now, than a terrible one by-and-by. There is something significant in the old English phrase, with which the Scriptures make us familiar—a MAN child! *A man* child!—there you have the word that should make you think more than twice before you answer the question, What shall we do with Charley?

For to-day he is at your feet—to-day you can make him laugh, you can make him cry, you can persuade and coax, and turn him to your pleasure; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short, you can mould him if you will take the trouble.

But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones; when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little round chin, and all the strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds to have the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will; but if you lose that key now he is little, you may search for it carefully with tears some other day, and not find it. Old housekeepers have a proverb, that one hour lost in the morning is never found all day; it has a significance in this case.

One thing is to be noticed about Charley,—that rude, and busy, and noisy, as he inclines to be, and irksome as carpet rules and parlour ways are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are. A room ever so well adapted for a play-room cannot charm him at the hour when the family is in reunion; he hears the voices in the parlour, and his play-room seems cold and desolate. It may be warmed by a fire and lighted with gas, but it is *human* light and warmth he shivers for—he longs to take his things down and play by you; he yearns to hear the talk of the family, which he so imperfectly comprehends, and is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper things which he is liable to do in the parlour, he will not commit one if you will let him stay there.

This instinct of the little one is Nature's warning plea—God's admonition. O, how many a mother who has neglected it, because it was irksome to have the child about, has longed, when her son was a man, to keep him by her side, and he would not! Shut out as a little Arab—constantly told that he is noisy, that he is awkward and meddlesome, and a plague in general—the boy has at last found his own company in the streets, in the highways and hedges where he runs, till the day comes when the parents want their son, the sisters their brother; and then they are scared at the face he brings back to them, as he comes all foul and smutty from the companionship to which they have doomed him. Depend upon it, mothers and elder sisters, if it is too much trouble to keep Charley in your society, there will be places found for him, warmed and lighted with no friendly fires, where he who "finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," will care for him if you do not. You may put out a tree, and it will grow while you sleep; but a *son* you cannot. You must take trouble for him, either a little now, or a good deal by-and-by.

Let him stay with you at least some portion of every day. Put aside your book or work to tell him a story, or read to him from some book. Devise

still parlour plays for him, for he gains nothing if he be allowed to spoil the comfort of the whole circle. A pencil and a sheet of paper, and a few patterns, will often keep him quiet for an hour by your side; or in a corner he may build a block house, annoying nobody; and if occasionally he does disturb you now, balance in your own mind which is the greatest evil, to be disturbed by him now, or when he is a man.

Of all that you can give your Charley, if you are a good man or woman, *your presence* is the best and safest thing. God never meant him to do without you, any more than chickens were meant to grow without being brooded.

Then let him have some place in the house where it shall be no sin to hammer, and pound, and saw, and make all the litter that his various schemes of business require. Even if you can ill afford the room, weigh well which is best, to spare him that safe asylum, or take the chance of one which he may find for himself in the street.

Of all devices for Charley which we have tried, a few shelves, which he may dignify with the name of a cabinet, is one of the best. He picks up shells, and pebbles, and stones—all odds and ends; nothing comes amiss; and if you give him a pair of scissors and a little gum, there is no end of the labels he will paste on, and the hours that he may innocently spend in sorting and arranging. A bottle of liquid gum is an invaluable resource for various purposes; nor must you mind though he varnish his nose, and fingers, and clothes, so that he do nothing worse. A cheap paint box, and some engravings to colour, is another; and if you will give him some real paint and putty, to paint and putty his boats and cars, he is a made man. All these things make trouble—to be sure they do, and will—but Charley *is* to make trouble; that is the nature of the institution. You are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble, and the trouble that comes at last like a whirlwind.

God bless the little fellow, and send us all grace to know what to do with him!—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

A MOTHER'S PARTING REQUEST.

I KNEW a little boy exceedingly well, and he had a very pious mother, and that mother was wont to talk to him of heavenly things, and pray for him too; and when that boy grew up, I believe he loved his mother. But he was about to leave her and go to another part of the country, at a great distance; and when the time for parting came, the little boy felt the separation very keenly, and his mother embraced that opportunity of asking him a favour. She walked with him a long way on the road, in order that she might be the last to see him before he got into the boat to cross the river. And just before the time for parting came, and while his heart was softened at leaving her, his mother took that opportunity of asking him a favour; and what do you think it was? If I remember, it was this—"My boy, my son," she said, "you are going away from a mother's eye, and you will no more, perhaps never more, hear a mother's voice. My son, before we part, let me ask of you one favour; it is but a small one. O, help me," she said, "my son, to return home after I have parted with you, with a heart filled with hope and joy." The son said, "What do you want, mother?" The mother said, "It is a very small thing, but you must promise me that you will grant it before I tell you what I want." "No," said the naughty boy, "I am not going to promise anything before I know what it is." "O, my son!" said the mother, "do you think a mother would ask anything which was not right of her own child?" No, he would not promise his mother till she first told him what she wanted. Well, the mother pleaded and pleaded, and at last the tears began to flow over her cheeks, and the son could not stand that, and he said in a great hurry, "O, tell me what you

want,—ask of me what you like, my mother." Then the mother said to him, "Only promise me that you will read in the Bible every day, that you will read in the Old and New Testament. Oh!" she said, "read much in the Gospels, you cannot go astray there, young as you are." Well, my children, the boy made the promise, and he parted with his mother, and he went to another part of the country, where there was no mother's eye to watch over him, no mother's voice to warn him; and there he did what he liked, naughty little boy that he was. He was very fond of music, and could play the fiddle, and he liked to go to balls to dance, for he was very fond of these nonsensical fooleries of the world; but mark well, for I know his history,—that boy, when he came home, sometimes from a dance, and from playing the fiddle to large dancing parties, would then think about fulfilling the promise which he made to his mother, and he would sit down and read the Testament, and perhaps, after coming from a dance, he would read the 16th, 17th, 18th, or 19th chapters of John. Now, my dear children, what an awful thing it was to unite dancing with the reading of these chapters, giving an account of the Saviour's death on the cross, and the crucifixion of the Lord of glory! It made him very unhappy, and he thought he would not keep his promise to his mother, and he went to bed once and again and tried to forget his promise,—but no, his mother's face and his mother's tears were before him, and he was obliged to get up in the dark and light a candle, and read a chapter. Well, that was the means in time of saving that little boy from destroying himself; for he had almost done this, he had almost gone into the gulf of suicide: and then he rejoiced in God, and prayed for his mother, and glorified God that he had a praying mother.

This young man (for he had now grown up) became very zealous, and went about talking to every one that would hear him; and thought to convert them all. It was hard work, but he did what he could. One day while visiting in a town about seven miles distant, he happened to see a placard on the walls announcing a missionary meeting, and he began to think within himself what kind of a meeting it was; and as he returned home he still kept thinking about it; and he called it to mind so, that there was a resurrection of all he had once heard from his dear mother by the fireside; for his mother used to keep him at home, and taught him to knit stockings rather than let him run about in the streets and get into mischief; and he remembered what his mother told him about Greenland, and the South Sea Islands, and other parts of the world; and by the time he got home he was another boy altogether. He began to think and pray for the heathen, and in his exhortations to others, he desired them to pray for the perishing heathen. In the course of time, a wonderful Providence brought that youth into a position in which he was himself sent out to be a missionary. He was at first afraid that his parents would not allow him to go, and he thought of leaving them without letting them know anything about it; but when at length his mother heard of it, she rejoiced very much, and she said, "I wish all my other sons were missionaries too." Well, that boy went out as a missionary, and laboured among the heathen for a quarter of a century, and learned languages, and saw hundreds converted to a knowledge of God; and saw schools established, and people taught to read in their own language the wonderful works of God.

And that missionary came back and saw his mother; and he was one time preaching a missionary sermon in a chapel where his mother was, and when he came down from the pulpit he found his mother in tears, and he said to her, "Mother, you seem to feel what I have been saying," and she replied, "O yes, my son, my heart rejoices at the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom."

Now, that boy is going to see his mother again, and here he is—I am that boy; and he is come to tell you, this day, something of what he has seen in Africa.—*Rev. R. Moffat.*

DEATH-BED PREACHING.

A few Sabbaths since we gathered with a company of mourning friends in the chamber of a young man who was waiting in the land of Beulah to be summoned over to the eternal city. Beside the bed were placed the me-

morials of a Saviour's love; for the last act of the dying man was to commemorate his dying Redeemer. Over him bent his young wife, moistening the lips that were already whitening at the touch of death; a devoted mother sat by, watching the departure of a life which in mingled joy and suffering had once been given unto her. Not a tear was shed—save tears of grateful rapture. The scene was too full of holy inspirations to admit of gloom; so at the request of the triumphant saint before us, we all joined in singing—

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above."

The scene was glorious beyond description; and, as we looked at the soul-kindling spectacle before us, we said to ourselves—Where is the pulpit in this land that has preached more impressively to-day than this dying bed?

"This is the best pulpit that ever I was in," said Halyburton (professor in St. Andrew's University). "I am laid on this bed for this very end, that I may commend my Lord." The dying scholar was right. The discourses which he preached in the chapel of St. Andrew's are now well-nigh forgotten; but the savoury discourses that fell from his lips during the last month of his holy life, will live until the last child of God shall go down to the dark river. Let him who would learn how the sting of death may be plucked away, and how a "frail mortal may shake hands with the king of terrors,"—let him read the closing chapters of the Memoir of Thomas Halyburton. What a spirit must the man have possessed who could record the loss of a favourite son in such words as these!—

"March 23, 1712. The Lord's day—a day to be remembered by me. Oh, my soul, never forget what this day I reached! My soul had smiles that almost wasted nature. My kind colleague and I prayed alternately; oh, such a sweet day! About half an hour after the Sabbath, my child, after a sharp conflict, slept pleasantly in Jesus, to whom pleasantly he was so often given."

To his wife, who stood weeping by his bedside, he once said, "My sweet bird, are you there? I am no more thine. I am the Lord's. On the day I took you by the hand, I wist not how I could get my heart off you again; but now I have got it done. Do not weep; let us exalt his name together. We shall be in the same family in heaven; but you must even stay awhile behind and take care of God's bairns." Another time he remarked to her, after a night of agonizing pain, "Jesus came to me in the third watch of the night, walking upon the waters, and he said to me, 'I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, I have the keys of hell and of death.' He stilled the tempest in my soul, and, lo, there was a sweet calm." To his aged church-elder he remarked: "James, ye are an old man, and I am dying; yet the child is going to die an hundred years old. I am like a shock of corn fully ripe. I have ripened fast under the bright Sun of righteousness, and I have had brave showers."

The death-beds of God's heroes have displayed many a sublime exhibition of serene courage, but we never met a more calm confronting of the king of terrors than is revealed in the following passage:—"I am not acting as a fool," said he to his physician, "but I have weighed eternity during the last night; I have looked on death as stripped of all things pleasant to nature; I have considered the spade and the grave, and every circumstance in it that is terrible to nature; and under the view of all these I found that in the way of God which gave me satisfaction, not merely satisfaction, but a heart-engaging power that makes me rejoice."

So fearful was he that he might recover, that he exclaimed, "Come, sweet Lord Jesus, receive this spirit fluttering in my breast, like a bird to be out of a snare! Ah, I am like to be shipwrecked into health again! I am afraid of it, and I tremble at this. I was in hopes to be at the end of my journey, but now I am detained with a cross wind."

On the morning of the 23rd of September he reached that journey's end. The breezes of heaven fanned him as he passed over the river. Just before he died he said, "I am thinking on the pleasant spot of earth that I will get to lie in beside Mr. Rutherford and Principal Anderson. I will come in as the little one among them, and will get my little George in my hand, and, oh, we shall be a group of bonny dust." During the last six hours his voice

nearly failed him. The death-bed pulpit was growing silent. He could only ejaculate occasionally to those beside him, "Pray, pray, pray!" But his angelic face was eloquent, and when he could not speak he gently clapped his hands in triumph. So departed the holy Halyburton, and on all the face of our earth the ministering angels of God beheld, that day, no other scene that was more like the heaven which they had left.

THE LITTLE BOY ON CRUTCHES.

The snow was falling fast as we stood over the open grave, just ready to let gently down into its silence the beautiful form of a little child about three years old. All must have been struck by the pale, the very pale face of the father, and have said in their thoughts, "Poor fellow, you will soon follow her!" All must have noticed the almost wild look of the mother as her child was about to be buried in the dark, cold grave. The snow lay in the bottom of the grave, and it lay white on the coffin. But did they notice a little lame boy, two years older than the little sister about to be buried, as he leaned on his small crutches over the corner of the grave, and looked so earnestly into it? He was very small and very pale, and the first look at him showed you that he must be a cripple as long as he lives. He had lost his little sister—his playmate; the other self. No voice had been so gentle and no heart so loving to him as hers. He shed no tears. He stood like a marble figure upheld by crutches. But his little bosom heaved as if it would burst, and though he uttered no sound, I felt sure that he was sincerely mourning. The men unconsciously pushed him back as they finished the burial. Oh! how meekly those little crutches took him back out of the way. I felt that I wanted to take him up in my arms, and weep over him. No one thought of him, save the One who took little children up in his arms and blessed them.

The family returned from the burial. Each one thought so much of his own grief that the little lame boy was not thought of as needing consolation.

But from that grave the little fellow began to droop and wither. It was soon noticed that he ate but little, and in the night would be heard, as with a low voice he repeated over and over the little hymns that he used to repeat with the little sister. They thought it the grief of a child, and that a new boot and new playthings would banish it. But the arrow had gone in too deeply to be thus drawn out. For hours he would go and sit in the little nook where he and Jessie used to play, with his chin in his thin hand—thinking, thinking! Sometimes he would ask if Jessie could "remember now," or if she would "love him still," or if they supposed "she sang the same hymns where she was gone" which they used to sing together, or if "she would know him if she should meet him *without any crutches!*" The hymns that spoke of Jesus and his love, of heaven and its rest, of the angels and the redeemed, seemed to be his delight. Though he seldom mentioned Jessie's name, it became, after a time, well understood that he thought only of her. He laid aside his playthings as of no use, but would bend over her little drawer, and earnestly gaze at what her tiny fingers once handled.

Slowly and gently his life began to ebb out. He had no sickness, made no mention of pain, had no cough, and medicine could do nothing for him. When he came to take his bed, from sheer weakness, he begged that he might lie on the very bed and on the same spot where Jessie died. Sometimes in the night he would be heard to utter a suppressed moan, and when his mother hastened to him and inquired what he wanted, he would only say, "I want Jessie! Do you think she has forgotten me?" "I want to go to Jessie, and she will tell me all about it!" Once, just before the Angel of dismission came for him, he was heard to break out almost into a shout.

"What is it, my son?" said his mother.

"Oh, I thought Jessie had come!"

"No. But, my child, you are going to Jessie. You will soon see her."

"Ah! I know. But I wish I could carry her something! And yet I know she has better things there."

. . . . . .

The little crutches are now standing in the corner of the mother's chamber, leaning against the little bureau that held Jessie's clothes and things. His little hat hangs just over the crutches. The pale face is there no more. Side

by side the two small graves are seen under the great hemlock that tenderly spreads his shade over them. The cold winds of winter whistle over them. But where are the children? Did Jessie know him "without crutches"? Is he lame, and pale, and moaning now? Or is the good Shepherd leading them to still waters, and educating and training them up in that pure and bright world? There is no little boy on crutches looking into the grave of a sister there!

NOBODY'S CHILDREN.

A YEAR or two ago, as I sat in front of a farmhouse, one warm summer afternoon, my attention was attracted by numerous feathery objects that kept floating in and out at the open door. At first I thought they were insects, but on examination I found them to be seeds.

"Of what?" I asked the farmer's wife, as she passed through the entry.

"Thistles," she replied. "There's a bed of them just below here, and the breeze carries them hither and thither as you see."

Presently, I took my hat and walked down the lane, until I came to the thistle bed. There it was, a large patch of ground covered with the unsightly things, and as the wind swept over them, thousands of the light feathery seeds were borne away, and scattered all over the surrounding country. Next year, thought I, they will spring up in the hay-fields, and in the corn-fields, and among the grain, and the crops will be injured by them; they will spring up in the flower-gardens, and the farmer's little daughter, going out to gather flowers, will have her tender fingers wounded by them. They will do no good, but only harm, wherever they find space to grow. So I went back to the house.

"Pray, tell me why those thistles are not rooted up?" I asked the farmer's wife.

"Oh," she said, "they are not on anybody's ground, and so they are left to themselves."

"*Not on anybody's ground, and so they are left to themselves.*"

There is a text for a sermon, but I am not the person to do the preaching.

I sat down and began to think. I thought of swarming city streets; of the barefooted boys and girls, whose rags scarcely cover their limbs; of vulgar and profane language uttered by almost infant lips; and of crimes committed by little children, no older or larger than the farmer's little daughter.

Who are all these? Oh, they are *nobody's children;* nobody cares for them, they are left to shift for themselves. So they grow up and become the pests of society. They are the gamblers, the burglars, the incendiaries, the robbers, the murderers. They fill our alms-houses, our jails, our prisons; they travel on the road to destruction, and they lead thousands and thousands along with them. Why? Oh, they are *nobody's charge*, nobody is responsible for them; they take care of themselves. Will this excuse stand in the day of judgment? Dare we look in the face of Almighty God, as we stand before the "great white throne," and say, "They were nothing to us, we could not help them, we had not power or strength to raise them from their degradation"? No, no! We dare not.

Christian! there is work for you and me in this great vineyard of the Lord. Let us go into these streets and lanes, into these highways and hedges, and carry the news of salvation. Let us seek out these little neglected ones, and bring them into our mission schools and our churches; let us visit these wretched homes, and tell their parents of the Lord Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save the lost. Thank God, there are many workers already labouring in the Lord's harvest fields, but there is room for more,—there is room for every Christian to share in the toil and the burden, and also in the rest and the reward.

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

THE site occupied by the temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by two brothers. One of them was married and had several children; the other was unmarried. They lived together, cultivating in the greatest harmony the property they had inherited from their father.

The harvest season had arrived; the two brothers bound up their sheaves, made two equal stacks of them, and left them in the field. During the

night, the one who was unmarried was struck with an excellent thought. "My brother," said he to himself, "has a wife and children to support; it is not just that my harvest should be as large as his." Upon this he arose, and took from his stack several sheaves, which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy as if he had been committing an evil action, in order that his brotherly offering might not be refused.

On the same night the other brother awoke, and said to his wife, "My brother lives alone without a companion; he has no one to assist him in his labours, nor reward him for his toils; while God has bestowed on me a wife and children. It is not right that we should take from our common field as many sheaves as he, since we already have more of domestic happiness than he has. If you consent, we shall, by adding secretly a number of sheaves to his stack, by way of compensation, and without his knowledge, see his portion of the harvest increased." The project was approved, and immediately put into execution.

In the morning each of the brothers went, and were much surprised at seeing the stacks still equal. During several successive nights the same contrivance was repeated on each side, for as each kept adding to his brother's store, the stacks remained the same.

But one night, both having stood sentry to dive into the cause of this mystery, they met, each bearing the sheaves mutually destined for the other. It was thus all elucidated; and they rushed into each other's arms, each grateful to heaven for so good a brother.

Now, says the legend, the place where so good an idea had simultaneously occurred to the two brothers, and with so much pertinacity, must have been acceptable to God; therefore men blessed it, and chose it, there to erect a house to the Lord.

This story is so good that it ought to be true, though we do not know whether it is or not. But we trust its readers will profit by the beautiful moral of the legend, and in honour prefer one another, "remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

A Page for the Young.

EBEN'S LESSON.

Eben Harris sat in the window of his father's handsome house, gazing out upon the city street. His face was troubled and unpleasant, and his voice very discontented as he complained to himself, "I wish my father wasn't so stingy! Just that box of colours is all I ask for, and he won't let me have them! I don't believe my uncle Joe ever refuses Frank one thing he asks for, and I never get anything I want!"

From the appearance of Eben and of everything about him it was easy to conclude he was a rich man's son. He wore costly clothes, and was half covered with the rich and heavy curtains that shaded the handsomely furnished parlour where he sat. Rosewood and velvet, marble and silver, and costly ornaments gathered from all parts of the earth, gleamed from every side of the lofty rooms through the gathering twilight; for the sun had long since sunk behind the high tops of the houses opposite, and was now throwing a rich red light on the sides of corner houses, and burnishing the neighbouring church steeple till its ball and cross shone like a second sun.

Eben had been sitting half an hour in the window-seat, harbouring unhappy thoughts about his disappointment, until it seemed to him he was about the most ill-used boy in all the city. The fact was, he had nothing else to do just then, and he felt perfectly justified in complaining, so long as he complained only to himself. He thought a good many hard things of his father—thoughts he would not have spoken in his hearing for a great deal. Yet I will not say his feelings were very different from those of any boy who is considerably

petted, when his cherished wish is refused.

"I don't believe there is a boy in school that don't get what he wants easier than I do. I don't see that I am any better off than poor men's boys. I am sure I never have what I want! I wish I was a man, and could do as I pleased." And his mind wandered off into the future, and back again to the present, busy with a thousand vague fancies, while the early winter's twilight began to fall along the street, and to darken the room.

"I wish I could earn my own living, and then I could do as I should have a mind to with my money," he said at length, half aloud.

"Ha! ha! Eben, is that your wish?" laughed a strange voice behind the curtain. Eben started. What there might be in the recesses of those shadowy parlours to laugh at him he could not say. But in a moment it was pretty plain that an old face was peering at him from between the curtains, a face very much like that of the confectioner where he bought candy on his way to school, red and spare, with a little pinched nose, twinkling, round, blue eyes, and a shock of fiery hair.

"Let me show you some people who earn their own living, my boy," continued the voice, while the face grinned not very pleasantly, for the confectioner had lost part of his front teeth, probably through eating too much candy when he was young.

"Stay there, then, if you please," said Eben.

"Look out of the window," said his companion.

Eben looked out of the window, and for the first time since he had sat there, really observed what was passing. There were a good many people hurrying through the cold, their faces bent toward the ground, for a sharp north-west wind was blowing up the street. These were not the handsome, well-dressed promenaders that walked the same way an hour before. They were all snugly housed in warm, pleasant rooms, amid cheerful families. But these were labouring men, with bent shoulders and rough faces, in coarse greatcoats, plodding home with their dinner-baskets; pale, thinly-clothed women, carrying great baskets or young children; blue-faced little boys hurrying to and fro with bundles, their noses buried in their comforters; servant girls and street-vendors, and now and then a beggar loitering about a barrel, the wind playing with his rags.

"Do you see that boy with those heavy picture-frames?" said the strange man. "His father died a year ago, and he had to be taken from school to earn his own living. He works in a newspaper office in the town, for five shillings a week. He works hard from morning till night, and earns hardly enough to keep him from starving. Fortunately his mother is alive, and they manage to keep together. If it wasn't for that, he would have to starve or steal. He was a good scholar and a clever boy."

"If he's a clever boy, I should think he'd try and do something better for a living," said Eben.

"There isn't much that's better for boys in a city to do. There's my friend John, the porter. A stinging night for you, John, with that poor coat. Your cough won't improve under it."

"How miserable he looks," said Eben; "what's the matter with him?"

"Oh, he has the consumption, come of stooping under heavy loads, and exposure to all weathers. His boy, Jem, there, is going the same way, for he follows his father's business."

"They've no right to do work that kills them—its suicide," said Eben, with emphasis.

"Poor people that work for a living can't choose their work, and they may as well die by their work as die for the want of it. It's about as broad as long, you see. That young woman turning the corner there—do you see her? She has been walking the streets all day to find something to do. She has been disappointed, though, wherever she has tried. She is alone in the world—no money, no work, but too proud to beg. I shouldn't wonder if she should starve some night in her lonesome room. She has been delicately brought up; she finds it hard to struggle alone in the selfish city."

"Hasn't she any friends at all? She must know some one?" inquired Eben.

"None that know how poor she is. Comfortable, well-fed people don't often guess that one who seems to be of their own sort may be starving before their eyes. There comes another set of men who are killed by their trade; those

sallow-faced men across the way. They work in a cotton-mill; begin when they're children, and breathing the cotton dust gives them consumption. I rather think they come from your father's factory—pity he couldn't pay them better wages; they might be more content to die for higher wages."

Eben resented this; was just on the point of making an indignant retort, when a loud ringing startled him. "Is it fire?" said he.

"Yes," answered his companion, "let's go;" and before there was time for another word he had opened the window and passed out into the street.

Eben now observed that the strange man wore a long black robe and girdle, like those he had seen the Catholic priests wear, but very tattered and poor. The cold was intense; the twilight had grown deeper, but the moon now whitened the frosty pavements and rendered everything visible.

"I'm freezing," said Eben; "why don't you wait for me to put on my overcoat? It was just in the hall."

"You're as well off as the rest of us without an overcoat; walk fast and keep warm," was the reply.

As they hurried along they continued to meet more and more of the poverty-stricken. They passed many slender, sad-faced women, carrying great paper bundles. The confectioner said these were shop-women, carrying home their work.

"How much do they earn?" said Eben.

"Oh, less than enough to keep soul and body together: some eight shillings a week, some ten; and they nearly all have children and lazy or drunken husbands to support."

Soon they came to a densely-crowded street, close to the roar and glare of the fire. It was a factory where an explosion had taken place and caused a fire.

"The workpeople are all there yet," said the stranger. "Dreadful! Had they been permitted to stop work at six o'clock they would have been saved."

"Will many be killed, do you suppose?" asked Eben, shuddering with cold and terror.

"Yes, scores of them, no doubt; and it isn't so much matter for these; but for every one that's killed some one's bread and butter is gone. Some wife or child will starve for every man that's killed to-night, most likely."

"You know they will be helped," said Eben; "we help the poor,—you know we do."

"No one ever helped me," said the man.

"You! You don't need help. You're the confectioner I buy my candy of, aren't you?" said Eben.

"Confectioner!" laughed he; "no, indeed; I'm the Red Magician! But I see they need me." And drawing up his long, tattered gown, and shouting aloud, he rushed into the thickest of the crowd and disappeared, leaving Eben alone. Just then a voice shouted in his ear, "Eben, Eben!" while some one pulled his arm and shook him violently. "Eben, why don't you come to tea?"

He turned and saw his little sister Marion standing beside him under the curtain by the parlour window.

"The tea-bell rang long ago, and I have been looking for you all over the house. What have you been dreaming about?"

"Dreaming!" repeated Eben, looking up to the place in the curtains where the face had been; but there was nothing there now but a red reflection from the street-lamp. Rubbing his eyes, he rose and followed Marion to the tea-room. The cheerful glow of the room, with its spread table, was a delightful contrast to the dismal pictures he had been looking at, and brought to his mind a deep feeling of shame as he remembered his discontented murmurings against his father, who provided all these comforts. Penitence took the place of his ill humour in a moment, and he sat down to the table with a thankful heart. His mother perceived that he was in a very different frame of mind from that in which he left her an hour before; and when in the course of the evening Marion said something about the box of water-colours, he blushed and said quickly, "Never mind the colours, I don't want them at all."

Our Sunday Schools.

THE FIRST SHEAF.

A SPRING evening, but dark and dreary, was that in which John Ross left the bookseller's shop in which he had been employed all day, and turned his face towards the unattractive region known to the people of H—— as Wade's-court, or alley. He was tired, but he could not go home without looking in upon his Sunday scholar, Joseph Wills, who was dying of consumption in an upper room at the end of the court. Joseph's father was dead, and his mother, a thriftless charwoman, was not always sober;—what wonder if the boy's eyes sparkled when his teacher came to see him, and to read from the Word of God how Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners! Happy Joseph! Happy even in poverty and pain, because he had learned to trust in One who can make even the poorest room to be a palace of beauty and joy to them that love him.

"I have had such a beautiful dream, sir," said the boy, as his teacher sat beside him. "It was all about what you read to me last evening: 'Washed their robes and made them white,' sir; you remember?"

Mr. Ross answered with a bright smile as he took out his Bible and turned quickly to the seventh chapter of the Revelation. How sublimely in such a place—nay, in *all* places—sound those words of truth and power! "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"Would you read it twice over, sir?" asked the dying child. "You will soon be there, little Joe!" he added, softly. "Soon there, soon there!"

His voice sank as he said this, and a smile of indescribable sweetness flitted over his pain-worn face. With a feeling of awe, the teacher again turned to his Bible, going back, this time, to the ninth verse, "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude"—

"I saw *that* in my dream," said the boy, interrupting him, "and the minister, and you, and the lady, were all in it, 'clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands!'"

Mr. Ross went on, "And the angels stood round about;" and as he read, he thought how, perhaps, that humble room, that lowly bed, had its bright spirits, even now, standing "round about." The idea possessed him so entirely, that, as he afterwards knelt in prayer, he could do nothing but give thanks to God for his mercy in Christ to his dear little friend and scholar. Pity Joe he could not. Had not God made all this light affliction work for good? Was he not in the arms of Jesus, and within sight of those gates of pearl into which nothing that defileth can enter? The young man came away from that place with a heart full of lofty thoughts and feelings,—not despising the din and bustle of the streets, or those cares of business which had absorbed so much of his attention in the earlier day, but raised for a season into a third heaven of blessedness by contemplation of the love of Jesus as revealed in the rescue of the sick child's priceless soul. In his joy, he walked homeward as if he had physically, as well as mentally and morally, "renewed his strength;" seeing and hearing little of what passed around him, but, with enlarged spiritual vision, beholding him who is "fairer than the sons of men." And that night he, too, had a vision of angels, for, in thought, he was standing on the other side of the river, waiting for his boys, who all came, one after another, safely through, and joined him on that heavenly shore. He awoke with a thrill of pleasure. Was it all a dream? No; for was not little Joseph,

by divine blessing, the *first-fruits* of his humble labour! He would not doubt, God helping him, from that day forward, since what is impossible with men is possible with God!

With these pleasant thoughts in his mind, the young teacher went forth once again to his daily toil. It was to be a busy day, for a branch shop was to be opened by his employer, and much extra duty must fall to the share of the confidential clerk. But, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," had so long been his motto, that John Ross found no difficulty in devoting himself heartily to the work. No one who saw him that morning would have surmised that the under-current of his thoughts, flowing on and on, almost without a single effort on his part, had been set to heaven's own music. Yet so it was. While he wrote, talked, listened, hurried to and fro, made new plans, and strove to win new customers, the young clerk was conscious of a secret happiness higher and purer than any he had known before. And when, in the midst of the noonday throng, he unexpectedly encountered his friend and pastor, Mr. Middleton, there was something so positively inspiriting in his tone, that the minister went on his way rejoicing. Here was one of the "sheaves" that Mr. Middleton hoped to "bring with him" at that great harvest when the reapers shall be the angels; and it gladdened the pastor's heart to see how, through God's great mercy—

"There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart;
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."*

Evening—this time starry and cold—again drew on, and the day's work was nearly over, when a messenger from Wade's Alley made his way, through a little crowd of boys, to the door of the new shop, and announced, with a startling suddenness, that little Joe was at the point of death. Half an hour after that, the honoured teacher knelt once more beside the little child, *his* first "sheaf;" the only being to whom, as yet, he had been—so far, at least, as he *knew*—"a sweet savour of life unto life." It was simply a quiet entrance into rest. There was no ecstasy, scarcely even an outward sign of triumph; but all was peace; and the presence of Jesus was so truly realized by both, that, as they waited for the summons which should call the one into eternity, and bid the other return to that work for God which had already been so largely blessed, they were silent for very joy.

The end came less quickly than had been expected. It was midnight before John Ross turned his face once more towards the stars, and breathed the purer air of the open street. Physically exhausted, he walked slowly and heavily towards the lodgings in which, his cheerful temper carrying all before it, he had made for himself a home. But neither weariness, nor want of food, nor headache caused by tainted air, could subdue the quiet rapture that thrilled his breast, as he repeated to himself the last words of little Joe—"MADE WHITE!" That was it! Not *forgiven* alone, although that had been glorious, but *purified!* Happy little Joe! Thou shalt never sin again, for thou hast joined the company of the redeemed, "who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb"!

On that solemn night, going slowly homeward with these echoes from a purer sphere in his grateful heart, the young man for the first time fully realized that every Christian is, or ought to be, an ambassador for Christ; and that for *him*, no less than for his minister, had been written that word of truth,—"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, *bringing his sheaves with him.*"

* Keble.

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Our last number contained a circular, that had just been issued by the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, on the Distress in Jamaica. We are glad to know that the response to the appeal of the committee for the suffering brethren in Jamaica is both prompt and cordial. Remittances flow in, not only from the more wealthy, but even from the poor; and their letters breathe a spirit of tenderness and sympathy most gratifying and encouraging. Meantime, the following letter, which appears in *The Freeman* of the 15th ult., will be read with interest by those who have not already seen it. We trust that its perusal will stimulate even farther the Christian liberality of our friends:—

"I last wrote you at the close of the annual session of our 'Baptist Union,' and at the commencement of our jubilee celebration. Our next session will not be till the first week in March, and I do not wish to turn a prophet, even of weeks; for here, as elsewhere, it is hard to say what a day will bring forth. I have my sad forebodings of what the church reports will be; but I had rather wait till they come. Certain it is that our jubilee year has witnessed a strange and trying conflict. The review of the fifty years past has been truly jubilant: and one high sentiment of gladness and gratitude has seemed to elate and animate all hearts. But in marvellous contradiction, the year of jubilee has been in almost every respect a year of depression, greater, I think, than any of the thirteen I have lived in Jamaica. Perhaps God has so ordered it to moderate our joy, and to repress that spirit of vainglorious boasting to which, alas, poor human nature, in the review even of spiritual success, is so prone.

"While some parts of the island have been favoured with fruitful seasons, in other parts extensive parishes have suffered fearfully from drought. It was so in 1863—it has been so in 1864. The May rains almost entirely failed us through both; and this year the October rains were partial and scant, and not till towards Christmas have the hopes of the husbandman been fully revived. In the parish of St. Ann's there have not been more than ninety days out of seven hundred and thirty of what the planters call 'cane' rains; and these have not been of the service they otherwise would, in consequence of the excessive droughts which have intervened. You can hardly estimate the distress occasioned to our people in some districts by these long and successive droughts. Our ground provisions are very perishable—only one kind of yam will keep more than two or three months, and this is the kind least used by the labouring population. Stored-up provisions, therefore, scarcely exist at any time. Almost all ground provisions are raised by small growers, and not in sufficient quantities to leave a surplus to meet a time of scarcity. The peasantry generally live, as I suppose most of their class do all the world over, from hand to mouth, taking little or no thought of to-morrow. The consequence is, when their crops fail they have neither food nor money; at least, for food they are dependent upon Indian corn-meal and wheaten flour imported from America at great cost; and this they commonly obtain from the storekeepers by mortgaging to them their crops next ensuing. Thus you will see they are impoverished and dispirited, not only during the present time of distress, but for future years, and it often takes several years of prosperity to recover from one year of depression. Nor even in the neighbourhood of sugar-estates, where money wages are earned, is the case much better. Not only is the sugar crop affected by these long-protracted droughts, but, for the time being, numbers are thrown out of employment, the estates being nearly at a stand; while the market price of provisions becomes so high as to be even more costly than the corn supplies of America. I have known yam, in some of the North-side markets, sold at 18*s.* per cwt. Think of your poor people at home having to give nearly twopence per pound for potatoes! In addition to this our people have suffered with the poor everywhere in consequence of the high price of cotton goods of every description. They wear scarcely anything besides cotton, and for this they are paying more than double its former price. The social and even religious influence of this advance in the price of clothing is incalculable. I believe for months during the past year our congregations were everywhere visibly affected by it. I have never seen the people so poorly dressed. But the fact is that numbers of the young people have neglected public worship altogether, because they have not been able to make the appearance to which as a class they have been accustomed. And the same may be said as to our schools. Numbers of children have been kept at home because their parents have not been able to provide them with decent clothing, or to furnish them with the usual midday meal to take to school with them.

"During a considerable portion of the year other circumstances had also an influence on both congregations and schools, especially the latter. The year commenced with the prevalence of measles. This disease travelled in a kind of march, beginning eastward, from one end to the other of the island.

This was followed after a similar order by whooping-cough; and since that the eastern end of the island has been visited with small-pox. I am sorry to add it is now spreading to other parts. For a time some schools were almost broken up—all were reduced in attendance by at least one-half. How many mothers were kept away from Sabbath worship you will readily understand.

"All this has had a most depressing influence on the spirits of our people, and their pastors have been the first to suffer pecuniarily. I know some whose incomes have fallen fully one-third, and others one-half. Ministers at home, in receipt of £150 per annum, may estimate their consequent difficulties, by supposing their own incomes to be suddenly reduced to £100 or to £75. Some of our brethren here are as painfully embarrassed as would ever be a home minister in such a case. Where they are to look, or how they are to struggle through their difficulties, I do not know. They expect light to break forth from the darkness, but from which side, who can say? No doubt the depression will be temporary, but it is very questionable whether church receipts will ever reach their former standard, while it is certain that the deficiencies of the past will never be made up.

"You will not, after these statements, be surprised, should the church returns of the year show a considerable falling off in other relations. I believe, as a rule, that, in its external aspects, religion ebbs and flows in accordance with the general state of things in the community amid which it exists. I shall never forget the effect of a commercial panic on the religious institutions of a large town in England, a watering-place, during the time of my residence in it, some five-and-twenty years ago. Not only did the money resources fail, but congregations declined, Bible-classes were broken up, meetings for prayer were thinned, and the religious spirit of the people seemed for the time damped and dismayed, while some, who had stood well in their Christian profession, fell altogether away. Such times are sifting seasons to the church of God. So it has been with us here; and the numbers I am hearing of as having been excluded from church fellowship are appalling. I fear the total, when it is published, will be startling to all.

"But what then? Are we to succumb to adversity? Are we to give place to the devil? Are we to relax our hold of the power and promise of God? Surely not! Despair is paralysis; to be strong in faith is to triumph. The ark is God's, and we need not tremble for it. As I believe God has accomplished a genuine work of grace in this land, and that there are multitudes who are still the monuments of his power and mercy, so, I feel sure, present trials will be overruled for future good. For the future I see no reason to bate heart or hope; and as to the present, 'The foundation of God standeth sure, the Lord knoweth them that are his.' Has not the cause of God ever had to fight its way through the fluctuations of changing times and depressing circumstances? Has it not at some seasons in all lands been brought low by defections and failures? And in witnessing a state of things, which has been incidental to the planting of Gospel churches in all ages, have we any right to think that some strange thing has happened to us, because we are called to pass through the same fiery trials? No doubt much wood, and hay, and stubble, has been builded into our churches, as well as gold, and silver, and precious stones. We seem now to be passing through a kind of purgatory; but while the former is being burned up, the latter will remain unconsumed, and in the end the Lord's house may stand forth the more glorious for the ordeal through which it is passing.

"You are now doing, through our beloved brother, William Teall, the best work you could for the future and permanent establishment of our mission in this land, as well as to promote the moral and social elevation of our people. Two generations have well-nigh passed away since the Jamaica Mission was begun; and nearly one since the marvellous—and, as they seemed at the time, almost miraculous—successes which followed the Act of Emancipation. The rising generation know none of the special influences which attached the two former ones to the missionaries of the cross, and taught them to seek an asylum within the bosom of the church and under the banner of the Gospel; and, unless some special effort be put forth to rescue and save them, I fear our children and young people will go over to the devil and be lost to Christ. It is, moreover, becoming every day more evident, that from henceforth Jamaica must look chiefly to itself and to its own people for its social advancement. Its growth must be from within; and the agency for its improvement must be raised up from among its own sons. But how shall this be, except through the education of the young? I rejoice exceedingly in the cordial welcome which our deputation has received, and hail with gratitude the success which thus far he has had. Crown it with the £3,000 which he seeks to raise; and help us with £1,000 a year for a few years to come, and you will be sowing seed which, under the divine blessing, will, I doubt not, yield as rich a harvest of good as ever rewarded British liberality!"

THE following letter, recently received from our friend, Mr. Jenkins, will give some idea of the progress of the Mission in Brittany:—

"As to the work of the Mission in general, by the Lord's help, I am able to say it continues to go on favourably. While the adversary has succeeded in keeping closed the doors of our chapel at Tremel, our religious liberty has, I think, been enlarged in one direction—I mean with regard to the holding of meetings in private houses. On the 30th ult. I called on the mayor of Tremel, to converse with him as to his letter to me, and how he understood the police surveillance to

be exercised over our meetings. He justly observed, that the language of the Government instructions was somewhat vague; but the view he expressed as to our liberty of meeting accorded with what I had thought myself.

"The priest of the parish continues to do all he can to oppose and destroy every part of our work of evangelization in the locality. He has of late been spreading the report that he has triumphed over the Protestants; that our chapel will never be opened; that the building will be razed to the ground, and the Protestants chased from the place; but, happily, this does not appear to move the people. And it is a singular fact, that probably the foremost of the neighbouring priests who combined a few months ago to make and propagate a written song of mockery against our efforts, and our Protestant friends at Tremel, with a view to popularize this feeling against us, has just had a shocking low Breton song made on him by a wine merchant in this town, who passes for a sort of devout priestman, and it has been printed with his name, and is widely distributed gratis through different parishes, it being well known it is written against this violent priest. Thus it is that the wicked is punished by his own infamy; as it is said, 'Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein.'

"Last Saturday week evening I preached at Pont-Menon. Our place of meeting here is a small forge, which serves for the blacksmith as a workshop and dwelling, and has hardly a seat to sit thereon, except an old arm-chair. The cordial blacksmith went a mile and a half distance to inform friends desirous of hearing me. The people were attentive, and conversed freely on religious questions when I had finished addressing them. I went to Tremel on the Sabbath morning, calling in the way to see a sick friend, a Breton farmer, who is a staunch adherent to the Gospel. It was my duty also to call on one of our female teachers, who met with a serious accident in pursuing her work. In going over a gate, which turned, she fell and sprained her hip-joint so seriously that she is confined to her bed, and will be for some time; but I found her in a happy state of mind, resigned to the will of the Lord, and fully persuaded that all is for the best. What has struck her very much is the great kindness shown by the people to her in this case. A great number have been to see her, and they did not go empty-handed. This kindness is incomparably greater than what was shown her when seriously ill, some twelve years ago. However, such is the fact, while the priest has not dared to oppose her and our labours in that neighbourhood.

"From her house I went to our chapel, and found our friends well there. I preached in the house at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. The attendance was fair. That morning the priest of Tremel had persuaded the members of the municipal council to sign a declaration that they were not Protestants, under protest; it had been reported that there were forty Protestants in the parish. I suppose the object of the man is to stop us from obtaining authorization. A member of the council has attended our meetings more than once; and another member attended this meeting. He had never attended before. He had signed with the others, but was in haste to come to our meeting, and brought with him his daughter, the wife of a strong farmer in the neighbourhood, and also a labourer, who is the husband of a member of our church, and who had been cross with her many a time for becoming a Protestant. We had four hearers in this meeting who had never attended before. This member of the council is a rich and independent man. He was cordial, and remained some time after the meeting to converse freely with us. It is probable he came simply to hear preaching, being prompted by the priest's opposition. He took a few tracts, and so did the others.

"Our tract and Scripture distributor and reader in this district, G. Omnes, a young man, and a member of our church, goes on very well with his work, and is likely to answer our purpose."

THE BAPTIST UNION.

THE following circular is about to be issued to the ministers of Baptist churches throughout the country. We have pleasure in giving it insertion in our pages, and in requesting for it the most earnest attention and consideration:—

"Dear Sir,—At the late meeting of the Baptist Union in Birmingham, it was resolved to petition the House of Commons for an inquiry into the character and influence of our national ecclesiastical establishments. The petition adopted by the Union is as follows:—

"'The petition of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland assembled in session at Birmingham on the 12th and 13th days of October, 1864,

"'Sheweth,—That your petitioners, representing upwards of 2,000 congregations in the United Kingdom, are loyal subjects of her Majesty the Queen, and bear their full share of the burdens of the state.

"'That your petitioners consider that they ought to be in a position of civil equality with all other classes of their fellow-subjects, and they acknowledge with gratitude that they have at various times been relieved from great civil and religious disabilities to which they and their forefathers were formerly subject.

"'That your petitioners believe your honourable House has no adequate conception of the intolerance and pecuniary loss to which Nonconformists are still habitually subjected, owing to the predominance which unrighteous ecclesiastical laws give to one portion of her Majesty's subjects, and which are in direct contradiction to the great principles of civil and religious liberty.

"'That your petitioners do not, however, chiefly complain of the injustice with which Nonconformists are treated. In their opinion the kingdom founded by Him whom they